



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

PROTRACTED obsequies such as were given to Mr. Gladstone no doubt serve, in some respects, a good purpose. The grand pageantry of such obsequies may lead the people of this generation to more distinctly remember the great man who has passed away. Even this point, however, is doubtful, and there is a pagan element in the more or less apparent worship of physical remains which cannot tend towards anything but an increase of materialism. When Mr. Gladstone died, what the people in their hearts revered of the dead statesman passed into another world. His body ceased to contain anything but the elements which were corruptible, and it would seem that the decaying tenement should have been buried promptly and reverently without any of that vague adoration which is so objectionable to a great many people when they see others adoring the images of the saints. The fact that he died as "Mr. Gladstone" should have impressed those surrounding him that such an interment would have most adorned the conclusion of his career.

Great funerals do not contribute to the memory of great men. Great lives will always live in history, and some of the best remembered funerals are those of men whose remains were silently gathered to their parent earth after great battles or great struggles, and without the presence or congratulations of an admiring world. Unfortunately great funerals are limited by the relatives of dead men who were by no means great. Frequently the few dollars left by the departed are wasted in providing paganish performances over the dead. In semi-civilized countries, more than in Canada, this fashion is carried to an almost ruinous extent. In Latin countries those who endeavor to keep up with the fashion find the two most expensive features of life are being married and being buried. In many countries it still costs twenty-five dollars as the lowest possible fee for a marriage ceremony, and the extraordinary display made at a funeral runs into many hundreds of dollars. In the case of high fees for matrimonial celebrations the result has been that concubinage and illegitimacy are more prevalent than wedlock and legitimacy. With regard to funerals, estates are every day being wrecked to provide the enormous hearse on which negroes, clothed in knee-breeches and cocked hats and gold lace, ride gibbering through the streets as if escorting a lunatic to the eternal gates. We do not carry things so far in Canada, but still the imitation of the ancient performances is nearly always expensive and disastrous. Such protracted funerals as that of Mr. Gladstone set the pace and teach us to unduly regard the physical remains of humanity. The flight of the soul from the tenement of clay should be marked as the departure of the man from earth, for we are not as the half-enlightened people of some of the countries of Europe, who are taught to revere their great men and their kings as if they were placed on earth by a special dispensation of Providence, and to view the bodies as sacred even in corruption beyond the bodies of the living.

There is still another phase of the still too popular tendency towards funeral performances. This is the prolongation of the agony of those who are yielding to the parent earth the bodies of those so well loved that they are almost sacred. Why should the voices of the living be hushed and the muffled steps of mourners be made one long heartache for those who are parting with what has ceased to be more than a reminder of one who had lived? Why should the stifling odor of funeral flowers and the thousand expressions of condolence make almost insupportable that which in itself is difficult to bear? Why should preachers and prelates dwell at the moment of death on the virtues and usefulness of people whose whole lives were the best and only demonstration of their value to humanity? Does not all this sort of thing lead to a bottling-up of our affection for a funeral? Does it not lead us to save our tears till those we esteem are dead? Is it not all in the direction of withholding our expressions of regard until they are useless to those whose living ears were hungering for expressions of confidence and affection? Many of these things are not particularly timely in the case of Mr. Gladstone's death, for, far more than many men, he had in life many indisputable manifestations of popular regard. If we made it a rule to be just to the living we might very easily dispense with eulogies of the dead. That we are so niggardly in our proofs of devotion to those who have served us faithfully, either in public or private life, apparently makes it necessary for us to become nauseatingly prolix in our adulation of the dead. Many of us who are passing over the hill to the darker side of life can perhaps remember instances of the wife or mother whose trials and sacrifices were unnoticed, and whose virtues were unsung until the undertaker laid the body of the poor tired woman in the "front room," to be wept over in chorus with the words of "comfort" from minister or parish priest. This is all wrong and hard, and the system of great public funerals promotes a reservation of our public demonstrations of tenderness for a time when they are useless. The quiet putting away of the remains of those who die might lead many careless people to do for the living what they take such great pains to do for the dead. The hundreds of men and women who will go to a funeral, spending at least a half a day of discomfort and endangering their health by standing around an open grave, if they spent the same half-day for the living might change a saddened and almost hopeless life into something beautiful that would be full of the fragrance of life and gratitude.

Nearly all the newspapers refer to the "characteristic" message of Her Majesty the Queen to Mrs. Gladstone. The wording of it is gentle and full of the regard which one aged and widowed woman must naturally feel for another, though the somewhat diplomatic tone of the references to the late Mr. Gladstone indicates, though but remotely, her Majesty's historical suspicion of him as a minister of the crown. It has always been said that the Queen never thoroughly liked Mr. Gladstone, though no overt acts were ever permitted to fully declare her distrust. What is described as "characteristic" in the message, no doubt refers principally to a saying which has long been prevalent in England, that Her Majesty dearly loves a funeral. So many years of her life have been overshadowed by the loss of her husband that she has almost perpetually kept the court in mourning. This tendency to find interest in funerals is not unusual, as can be seen at the obsequies even of the poor. People who have not taken the slightest interest in neighbors, relatives or acquaintances, frequently drop their employment—probably because the excuse of having to go to a funeral will get them a half-holiday—and stand gazing curiously in the halls or at the gate as the real mourners and their sincere friends pass out. Those possessed of this funeral habit, or morbid taste, or whatever one may call it, often insist on making sympathetic calls, crowd the carriages engaged for the funeral occasion, and make cheerful and frequently audible comments on the coffin, the corpse, the flowers, the conduct of the bereaved, the cheapness or extravagance of the arrangements, and the presence or absence of important people. Others go to funerals for the sake of publicity, and sometimes go so far as to ask the reporters to have their names mentioned as having been present; others go to make votes, or business, or to push themselves into intimate relations with the connections of the deceased. For these and many other reasons there should be a reform of private funerals as well as a curtailment of the pomp and pageantry and paganism of great public ones.

THE proposition to establish dead letter offices in central portions of the country is endorsed by business men everywhere. It is ridiculous that a letter improperly addressed or having no stamp, mailed in Victoria or Vancouver for a post-office perhaps not a hundred miles distant, should have to go to Ottawa to be opened and returned to the sender. It is stated that there are 60,000 dead letters posted in Toronto every year, which have to be sent to Ottawa to be opened and returned to the sender, while in Montreal there are 70,000 per annum. Last week I visited the Toronto postoffice and was shown the big bundles of letters being sent to the Ottawa Dead Letter Office. The gentleman in charge said that the trouble of sending these letters to Ottawa was almost, if not quite, as great as attending to them locally would be, and that a great deal of valuable time was lost. The senders of a letter when they find it has not been received, apply at the postoffice for some trace of the missing epistle. These people have to be sent to a postoffice inspector, who in turn has to make enquiries and then report on the letter, all of which takes a large amount of time and trouble. The local postoffice official thought that one clerk from the existing Dead Letter Office would be all that would be necessary here in addition to the present staff, and that he would not have to be replaced in Ottawa. The world is too old to have dead letters traveling about the country for months before the senders of them are informed of the fact that they have gone astray.

It was rather amusing to look over some of the letters lying

My critic says: "Don't wield quite an influence in Canada, and it is therefore to be regretted that he should lend his brilliant talents to the perpetuations of unfortunate animosities that have surely wrought enough disaster in the past." I am much obliged for this friendly rating of my talents, but I must disclaim any lending of my alleged ability to the "perpetuation of animosities." The Fenians of the United States and Ireland are, and have been, doing the "perpetuating" business, and the United States, collectively, have been "lending" themselves to the Fenians in the past. It is to be hoped that that era, when disturbing politicians, struggling for an alien vote in the United States, have always antagonized Great Britain and sought to defraud Canada, is past, and that more neighborly and reputable diplomacy will prevail. That there are a large number of Canadians who, not being quite sure that the love feast has sincerely begun, endeavor to restrain Canadian enthusiasm until more proofs have been furnished by our old-time detractors and opponents, is not at all wonderful. Nor is it unreasonable that the very attitude of which the writer in question complains as being a part of the policy of this paper, should be maintained, as it certainly represents the views of a large proportion of Canadians, and it should not be without its effect on our neighbors and ourselves. If not, why should we write or become publishers? Unless the United States see that it is necessary for them to be just in their treatment of us before they can hope for the friendship or help of Great Britain, we will always be the tin can tied to the tail of the dog. When boys

for the study of law or medicine, or the Church, make good schoolteachers for the few years they apply themselves to the profession, while on the other hand there are many men who are devoting their lives to teaching who are not worth their salt. Some natures very rapidly deteriorate in the presence of their intellectual inferiors. I do not think I would have any trouble in finding overwhelming evidences that the average man cannot stand the constant contact of childish minds without himself becoming more or less childish in methods. Women, on the other hand, improve with the contact of children. The shrewd boy who is liked by a female teacher studies her and brightens her mind. The fact that she is a woman makes him behave himself better; he treats her with a consideration that he would never treat a man with. Therefore, dipping only into the surface of the whole matter, we find as much in favor of women teachers as in favor of employing such men as are willing to undertake the task. Probably the wisest statement that can be made in this direction is that we should discriminate much more carefully as to who are employed to teach our children, no matter whether they are men or women. The boys brought up by widows are very often the best citizens, the smartest and most industrious youths in a city or in country places. Therefore, we must remember that the tenderness of the boy for a well conducted and gentle woman does much for his safe-keeping. While much can be said of the splendid advantages enjoyed by the lad who has a gentleman for his teacher, we must all remember that all men are not gentlemen, and there are many bad things learned by imitation from dissolute, or coarse, or unlovely, or tactless masters. We are always safest when we avoid sweeping statements either in praise or denunciation. If, as my correspondent says, five dollars per head instead of fifty cents per head spent for High School education, were expended in perfecting the Public Schools, we might be much better off. I have never believed that the state has any right to expend a dollar in carrying any except the selected pupils, the winners of scholarships, and such few distinguished pupils who seem to have a special adaptability to receive a high education, any further than is necessary to give the boys and girls of a country a start with the three "R's," save them from illiteracy, impregnate them with loyalty and provide them with some idea of how large the world is, how long it has existed, and how much they can do for themselves and their country if they do their best for themselves and the community which cares for them until they are able to care for themselves.

In this connection the public opinion of Toronto should strongly manifest itself in support of the City Council in its resistance of a demand for \$100,000 increase of the Collegiate Institute grant, and its effort to make our High School system more nearly self-supporting. For years I have been urging the necessity of making those who use the collegiate institutes pay for them, except, as previously indicated, in the case of the winners of scholarships. The state should be as little embarrassed financially by the collegiate education of young people as it is in the education of lawyers and doctors and preachers. It would be a piece of unmitigated folly for this province to have a free college for the preparation of doctors and lawyers and preachers. Such an institution would simply be educating our most ambitious people for export, as we have now more professional men than can find employment. Even our system of free tuition of schoolteachers, necessary at one time, is now burdening the community with those who are prepared to teach and cannot find schools. They are competing one with another until wages are far below those which should be paid to skilled pedagogues. This is not so much true in the city as in the country, where teachers can be had almost as cheaply—board and lodge being considered—as a farm laborer or a servant girl. Why, then, should these teachers and their friends be taxed to produce more teachers, or why should the doctors, preachers, lawyers, engineers, etc., be taxed to produce people to compete with them in professions that are already crowded?

Getting back to the original point, why should the people of Toronto be taxed to produce an annual grist of collegiate school graduates whose requirements are not needed by themselves to begin life properly, and are not beneficial to the community beyond raising the general standard of culture? This general raising of the standard of culture also means the inflating of youthful ideas with hopes which cannot be realized. In nine cases out of ten the High school student will avoid everything but professional or clerical work, thus further crowding walks of life which are teeming with thousands who cannot make their bread either as self-respectingly or as certainly as if they had not been untrained for manual labor. As a ward of the state the child must have sufficient education to start life under the circumstances set forth in the previous paragraph. This is provided by the Public schools, and the present generation is getting more in the Public schools of to-day than their fathers and grandfathers got in the best available schools thirty and fifty years ago. If the youngsters of to-day want a better education they can do as their fathers and grandfathers did, work and get money and pay for it. Higher education under these circumstances is prized and is apt to be of use; that for which little or nothing is paid is apt to be lightly esteemed. This being true, why should the public money, given by the province or raised by local taxation, be bestowed, as in many instances it is, at the rate of fifty cents per pupil per annum for the Public schools, and five dollars per pupil per annum for High schools? Moreover, why should our High school trustees, without consulting any other authority, reduce the fees of the collegiate institutes, leaving the city, which is groaning under a burden of taxation which must be paid in order to keep Toronto out of bankruptcy, to pay the deficit? If the High school trustees were elected instead of appointed they probably would be more influenced by public opinion and take greater pains to understand what the people really think on this subject.

THE turnout of our schoolboy cadets on Thursday afternoon to celebrate the anniversary of Ridgeway, was exceedingly creditable. The parade made the blood run faster through the veins of all patriotic Canadians who saw it, and accentuated the strength of the remark made by Mr. J. S. Willison at the banquet the previous evening, when he said that in the matter of Anglo-Saxon unity, "Great Britain should not do all the wooing." The head of the school system in Toronto, the inimitable J. L. Hughes, never looks so well as when he is marching with the boys, and no one who sees him can overlook the fact that he must have a great influence with them. The general remark heard on the streets was that these boys were in about as fit a shape to go to Cuba and fight the Spaniards as the rough-and-tumble, badly drilled forces which are assembling for embarkation in Florida. Every time the Torontonians see a parade of the local battalions or of the schoolboys he feels marvelously enthusiastic, and it may be recorded that these not infrequent waves of enthusiasm are making Canada a nation.

NOTICE it more every day—it is distinctly true that there is a bicycle race, and there is getting to be a hard bicycle eye as well as that unpleasant thing to which I referred a couple of weeks ago, bad bicycle manners. Noticing these things in connection with bicyclists and watching the expression of poletrians in order to make a comparison, I have discovered the baby-carriage face—not the face of the baby, but the face of the mother who wheels the little vehicle along. I have called the



GOING A-MILKING.

in the Toronto postoffice. People often forget to put the name of the town to which they desire their letter to be conveyed; others forget to put on the stamp; some are so intent upon having the postoffice right that they forget the name of the individual, while some of the worst mistakes I noticed were made by those who wrote a very good hand and were evidently accustomed to letter-writing. It is marvelous the number of mistakes that can be made in sending a letter, and one has only to examine the envelopes to be filled with wonder that so few letters are delayed or go to the wrong people or the wrong place.

Certainly if Toronto sends sixty thousand letters a year to the Dead Letter Office in Ottawa the business should be attended to here. There is no reason why as great secrecy should not be maintained in Toronto and Montreal and Vancouver with regard to the contents of these letters, as exists in Ottawa, and Postmaster-General Mulock's attention to local wants in this matter deserves anything but some of the attacks made by the Opposition upon his proposal.

THE editor of the Owen Sound Sun in a column of kindly-worded editorial takes me to task because he believes me to have "conceived a violent dislike for everything American." He reminds me that I spent many of the best years of my life in the States, and have been at one time "since coming to Canada a rank annexationist." If he has read what I have written he should have noticed that I have only opposed "everything American" when everything American was opposed to Canada. He is misinformed with regard to my ever having been "a rank annexationist," or an annexationist of any kind, and I will give him a hundred dollars a line for anything which I can even be reasonably accused of having written as an "annexationist." When he speaks of my having come to Canada he indicates that I am not a Canadian, and in this he is also mistaken. The moment I came to Canada was my first moment on earth and I was then first introduced to this world with its troubles, uncharities and mistakes.

play this sort of a joke on an unfortunate canine the dog is blamed for running wildly about the street and making a disturbance, and is probably shot. In all international diplomacy the United States has tied the Canadian tin can to the British Lion's tail, much to the irritation of the lion, and considerably to the advantage of the United States. We are not submitting to any of these performances nowadays, and we are anxious that Great Britain shall understand who plays the tricks on his dignity and causes Canada to be a source of irritation. However, I have written so much on this topic that it is unnecessary to write more than to entreat the editor of the Owen Sound Sun to look at the question in a little larger way and be quite sure that he has seized the meaning of the whole thing and noticed the connection of various articles with passing events which justified at the time everything that has been said, before even in such kindly words misinterpreting motives and statements which I feel quite sure will bear inspection.

I AM told that in the Stratford Public schools there are twenty-seven teachers, all of whom, excepting the principal, are women. This gentleman writes me as if this were not pleasing to himself, inasmuch as he thinks boys ought to be taught by men, and that if women are to have the handling of our lads there will necessarily be a certain amount of degeneracy as compared with the manly standards of English schools. Personally, I think boys ought to be taught by men, and by good men, particularly during that imitative period of a lad's life when he takes on his manners and is looking about for somebody to copy. I am also old-fashioned enough to think that girls are often better off if taught by men. Yet women are gentler and more frequently have the teaching instinct than men chosen at random. Women stay with the teaching business, as a rule, a greater number of years than do men, but the only way to correct the whole system is to pay better salaries and make school-teaching something well worth a man's attention as a life work. However, all these things cannot be settled in a paragraph. Many young fellows who are preparing themselves

attention of several ladies to the peculiarity, and their subsequent observations have agreed with mine. Almost any day on the street I can point you out the face and figure of the habitual trundler of a baby-carriage. The anxious, watchful, maternal look; the eyes continually fixed at an angle intended to cover the baby-wagon and the area through which it must immediately pass; the slight stoop; the deliberate step which has something of the air of a fond mother who goes about a room careful lest she wake the baby, and the peculiar position of holding the arms, make up the chief features of the baby-carriage mother. Even when these gentle mothers are not pushing the baby-carriage they carry their arms as if they had hold of the handle-bar, and they are alertly looking for obstacles. I should like to know how many years of following a baby-carriage are necessary to fasten that peculiar expression on a woman's face and that little stoop to her figure. Some of it may come from watching a cradle, but all of it comes from attending to babies. Certainly it is a much gentler and more unselfish look than is fixed in the bicycle face.

Our War Diary.

Come, goose-feathered peace, and save us sighing; come, battlefields with dead and dying; come, frobish things on land and awy things at sea. We're sick of this manœuvring at Western Key. Tell us, O ye war godlets, what to say, but date not your news from Tampa Bay.

Why does Sampson, the historic, use alone naught but a much-abused jaw-bone? Why does Schley do no schleying save schley-riding on the main? Why does not dear Dewey do some more or McKinley not kindle up the war? Where is Long that he no longer shows for blood a tiger's hunger? Why is Miles still miles behind? Why is not Lee fits hugging blind? Why are not state troops a-trooping? Why are the "old glories" drooping, while at Manila and Matanzas, at Havana and Madrid, Spain's flag still is floating and naughty things are being did?

Stories Told Out of Lodge.

A BOOK that may make something of a stir in political and lodge circles in Toronto has just been published by the Toronto News Company. It is entitled *Stories Told Out of Lodge*, and A. T. Hunter is the author. Mr. Hunter is the defeated McCarthyite candidate in West Toronto, a young man whose sledge-hammer style of argument and bright epigrams made his political speeches the refreshing influence of the last Dominion election in Toronto. In his book he causes his hero to die, or to be translated to Hades, where he is promptly put to work in a political campaign in which Beelzebub tries to defeat the Government of the "Old Man." The campaign tactics are strangely like our own, and the political worker who reads the book will perhaps find it almost reminiscent. The hero, Bob Purgie, supports Beelzebub (Mr. Bub), being enmeshed as a result of a conversation beginning as follows:

"Very well, Mr. Purgie, I shall send your name down to the committee-room and see that a polling sub-division is assigned to you to canvass."

"I am afraid that my talents don't move in that direction. I never did any house-to-house canvassing, although I have done some stumping and missionary work along the side lines. I am sorry that I cannot be of any use to you, for I am from Toronto, and like to take an active part in all movements that tend to a moral reformation."

"Yes, I know the breed; I know the Toronto workers. For one man that will take a book and hoof it from neighbor to neighbor and convince the doubtfuls and report honestly, there are six that will sit in their back rooms and mark the books up according to imagination, and a dozen who will want to sit on your platform and predict success for you and drink your beer, and turn never a hand for you in the wars."

But Bob soon brings Mr. Bub to time by intimating that he has joined Covenanters' Tent 6123 of the Five Floggers, and is soon regularly at work doing what he can to promote the interests of his party. He aimed to stuff a convention and get a snap vote, and this "aim" is explained as follows:

Now Bob came, as we said, from Toronto, and was naturally imbued with the Toronto idea. For, just as a lawyer who has lost his gown still plunders by the use of legal forms, and as a clergyman who goes wrong opens every fraud with prayer, so a politician, no matter how strange his constituency, employs always the methods to which he has been accustomed.

There was bribery and corruption in the election, and in this the Old Man got the best of it, for he bribed men so smoothly that they felt virtuous while taking money, whilst Mr. Bub went at it coarsely so that men felt that they were thieves. Here was the Old Man's best stroke though:

Mr. Bub had sent his workers through one rather savage district buying the inhabitants at twenty dollars apiece. When the missionaries for the Old Man arrived they had but ten apiece to offer, but they did not despair. "Give me up that twenty," they would say to an unsophisticated elector, "and I'll give you thirty."

In the end Mr. Bub won by a narrow majority, but the Old Man had a recount before three judges and retained power. Mr. Bub was able to pay off all his debts, however. The judges snubbed the Old Man's lawyer so severely at the outset and showed such deference and favor to Mr. Bub's counsel that the organizers knew at once that the Old Man was going to get all he wanted.

The book also contains a short story entitled *The Lost Organizer*, which is clearly a satire on the late P.P.A. It was an organization intended to build a wall against the aggressions of Rome. Its membership was very mixed.

Indeed, the earlier meetings of the order resembled somewhat those pictures of great inundations, where, on a small hill-top above a flood, will be seen, huddled together, panthers and sheep, reptiles and domestic animals, for the moment finding a common cause in their common fear.

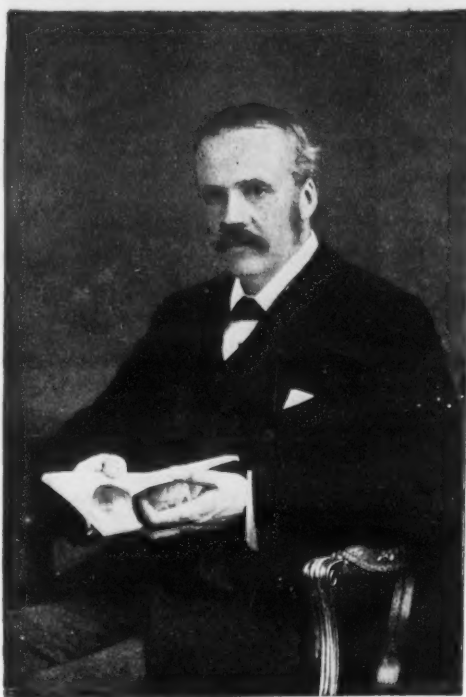
In form and manner the short story is better than the longer one, for indeed the first is somewhat difficult and unpromising in its first twenty pages, but when Mr. Hunter gets into his work he warms up to it in a way that will certainly interest local politicians.

A Man's Best Work.

MR. GILBERT PARKER, the novelist, who was entertained at dinner by the Canadian Club of Toronto on Wednesday evening, proved himself a graceful and thoughtful speaker, and the young men at the banquet will be inspired for some time by his eloquent words on the subject of a man's best work in the world. Although Mr. Parker's speech was fully reported in the daily press we reproduce part of it because of its worth to the young men of this country. Mr. Parker speaks slowly and impressively, giving every word its full value:

"It is but a few nights ago," he said, "that I stood before a beautiful portrait in Rideau Hall, the dwelling of the Governor-General of Canada. It was a portrait of the son of the Governor-General. I had seen this portrait while I was in process of painting in the house of Sir William Van Horne in Montreal. I had seen the artist who painted it. He was dying; it was his last work—the last thing that he was to do before he laid down his brush and palette forever and went out into a new scene of color, and let us hope, a new area of achievement—(hear, hear)—and His Excellency the Governor-General said to me, when I spoke of this picture and the death of the man, 'He said to me,' said the Governor-General, 'I can only paint now when I am in pain. The pain flags up the dying spark of life and I can paint only then.' Gentlemen, I ask you if there was not in that remark the true temperament, the true spirit of an artist, the true temperament, the true spirit of a Britisher, of a Canadian, of an Anglo-Saxon? I ask you if in that remark there was not the whole inwardness of all good work? It is a curious thing that ease of life and luxury and sloth beget in us the habit of idleness, the habit of idleness not of our hands but of our tempers."

But always the best work that is produced by every man in every profession—and I do not fear denial here, gentlemen, whether you be a merchant, or builder of bridges, or builder of houses, or builders of laws and governments, you cannot deny to me that one thing that marked your greatest effort was the agony with which the real piece of work was produced which you presented to the world, and that that piece of work represented, seemingly, the very throwing off, the incandescence of talent, or, at the bottom, the very sifting of your nature and your soul. That is true of the small thing well done, as well as



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

the big thing, and that is why I say that the picture well done and the bridge well builded and the business well built up to a success is in itself a personality.

Social and Personal.

THE lecture given by Mr. Gilbert Parker at Trinity College on Wednesday afternoon was the attraction potent enough to draw a very large audience, which to a unit was delighted by the very clever and coherent remarks of the gifted author of such famous books, upon the growth of authorship, the evolution of the modern novel, and the *modus operandi* proper to the construction of a novel which would last. The lecture was punctuated by brilliant little sentences, sometimes quoted, but oftener original, sentences that will linger in the memories of many of those who heard Mr. Parker utter them, and plentifully leavened with good common sense. Most valuable hints and some practical warning words sank deep in the minds of those who took the lecture *au sérieux*. The last quarter of an hour flagged, and it was the opinion of the majority that the lecturer had a good place to stop, which he passed by. But the lecture as a whole was most delightful, instructive, and conducive to thought on high lines. Provost Welch took the chair and introduced the lecturer; Dr. Clark moved a vote of thanks at the close; Professor Goldwin Smith seconded the motion, and Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, was called upon for a few words, which he ably spoke. When Mr. Parker could escape from his congratulating friends he was again the center of a group in the Professor's garden, as that sweet little terrace nook, east of the Professor's library, is called. There were: Dr. and Mrs. Parker, Professor Mavor, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mrs. Cattaneach, Mrs. Small, Dr. and Mrs. Neville Parker, Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. Beverley Robinson, Mrs. George Cayley, Mrs. O'Brien Jones, Miss Susie Jones, Mrs. Allen Cassels and her sister-in-law and guest, Mrs. George Allen; Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. and Miss Ireland and their guest, Miss Jean Forsythe; Mr. Guy Ireland, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Harry Totten, Miss Givens, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Sweetman, Rev. Mr. Tremaine of Mimico, Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. Young, Miss Wallbridge of Belleville, Mr. Thorold, Professors Jones, Cayley and Huntingford, Professor and Mrs. Clark, Miss Playter, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Gosling, Miss Jennings, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. Charles Cameron, Mrs. Floukes, Mrs. Holmstead, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. Muntzinger, Mrs. Sprague, Miss Fitzgerald, Mrs. Cummings, Miss Mason, Miss Birdie Warren, Miss Bertha Macdougall, Mrs. George and hosts of others.

After the lecture a garden tea was given by the Trinity men to a very large number of those who attended the lecture. A bounteous spread table and prettily arranged groups of seats soon became the rendezvous of a brilliant crowd of ladies and a large number of men. Mrs. Parker, mother of the novelist, held a little reception on the terrace and in her bright and genial way soon made hosts of friends. Mrs. Parker is a member of a prominent U. E. Loyalist family, but is a New Yorker by birth. She made herself very agreeable to all who were presented to her, and was made much of to any extent. One of the guests at the *à la fresco* tea who tried to make friends was Orrie, that dear and ugly object upon which Professor Huntingford has first claim. "Even uglier than Isaac," was one person's verdict upon Orrie, but that, as the friends of the departed bulldog well know, is an impossibility.

The world and his wife and daughters went to hear the Godfrey Band at the Armories on Monday and Tuesday. The concerts were enormously popular and the programmes also popular to the verge of the commonplace. The solos were a splendid treat, all told, but the music of the band disappointed many who don't catalogue the Mabel Waltzes and Lucy Long as music. Toronto is not so easily satisfied as she was when those antiques first resounded in the ears of our grandmothers. Dan Godfrey, with a pain in his sciatic nerve that made him wince at climbing the steps, is a weather-beaten and very nice old man, with the kindest of hearts and the pleasantest of voices. He said very nice things of Toronto and paid a compliment to Dawson's cornet-playing on Sunday, which it would have done the soloist of the Q. O. R. good to hear. Godfrey's face beamed, in spite of sciatica, as he surveyed the vast area of faces spread around him on Monday evening, sixty-five hundred people, rigged up in pretty frocks, uniforms and Sunday suits, making the vast Armories blossom like a rose. In the officers' gallery were Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat, Mrs. Fred Mowat, Mrs. Arthur Mowat and Captain Herbert Mowat, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. Harry Pellatt, Mr. D. R. and Miss Wilkie, Mr. James Plummer, Miss Mollie Plummer, Miss Benson, Mr. Stewart Wilkie, Miss Thornburn, Mrs. Hume Blake, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Delamere, Mr. and Miss Scott and Miss Buck, Dr. Sterling Ryerson and Dr. Peters, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. George Cox, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Mason, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Miss Porter, Mrs. Young, and Mrs. Macdougall. In the band gallery were: Mr. E. B. Osler, Mr. Gordon and Miss Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore of Cloyneview, Mr. W. Beardmore, Mr. and the Misses Stimson, Captain and Mrs. Forester, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Mrs. Austin Smith and Mrs. Greene, while in the great block of humanity below were representatives of almost every prominent family in the city. Sir George Burton and Mrs. Ferguson were seated in the front row, and the Chief Justice seemed to enjoy the old tunes, as, indeed, did many another old-timer who remembered them as their first essays at piano-playing. The din at the end of the programme, when drums and horns, with skirling pipes, combined to give an imitation of battle was simply awful, and many a delicate lady carried a headache home with her. As the strategist remarked of a certain charge, "It was splendid, but it was not war!" so said many of the Godfrey Band's last uproar, "It was tremendous but it was not music."

The retort courteous was given to the pro-British goings-on of our neighbors on the Queen's Birthday, when the veteran English bandmaster shook the baton over a fine rendering of *The Star Spangled Banner* last Monday evening. For an encore he had given *The Maple Leaf Forever*, and the audience had burst into

wild shouts of rapture; for a double encore he played *The Star Spangled Banner*, which I was surprised to notice a good many did not know, and the applause, modulated by back thoughts of ultra-loyalty, broke forth pretty heartily again. One enthusiastic United States visitor had to be hauled down off his chair by the coat-tails and given a short lecture by his better half when *The Land of the Free* and the *Home of the Brave* was played, and was much disgusted because he might not climb up and give a cheer for Old Glory.

Miss Jean Forsythe spent a few days with Mrs. Ireland of 17 Prince Arthur avenue, en route from New York to Chatham, this week.

The Queen's Own is the only regiment to the fore this week. It started bravely off last Sunday with a splendid turnout for service in the Massey Hall, the galleries of which were packed with friends of the corps. The English bandmen had seats on the platform with the Highlanders' pipers, who were with the ex-members of the Queen's Own and led by Bandmaster Slatter, looking quite stunning in *mufti*. The officers sat in the first row downstairs, and the Mayor and Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Otter and Mrs. Young were in one of the stage boxes, Mrs. Delamere and a party of friends in the other, while *vis-a-vis* to the Founder's box were Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. Dan Godfrey, Dr. and Mrs. Harris of Ottawa, and Mrs. Denison. The bandmaster was amazed at the racing time at which Mr. Bayley sent his band through the hymns, and gave a mighty grunt of dismay when the National Anthem was also treated very hastily. "It destroys all the dignity of it," said Dan Godfrey disapprovingly. Chaplain Lloyd preached a very fine sermon, and though a bit long it was received with marked attention. A funny little happening was noticed in one gallery when the collection was being taken up. Whether through forgetfulness or nigardliness, no one in two of the front rows of a certain section gave one copper. Down came the empty plate to the expectant collector. He looked at it, then calmly sent it back over the same ground, remarking tentatively, "There is a collection." And so there was, when it came back the second time.

Decoration Day—June 2—was one of June's golden days, and a cool breeze fanned the heated brows of the thousands of schoolchildren who formed up in columns on Gerrard street at two o'clock. Shortly before half-past two Colonel Otter, D.A.G., attended by Captain Forester, and with Trooper Lamonth in the rear, arrived at the saluting point of the schoolchildren's march-past, corner of Adelaide and Simcoe streets, where the police had reserved a scrap of boulevard for the spectators invited by the School Board. Hon. G. W. Ross, Mr. James Hughes, Mr. Wilkinson and a number of the School Trustees were present. The boys arrived pretty sharp on time and presented quite a manly front. There were boys in every sort of hat known to fashion, with every sort of walk, from the waddle of a quack-quack to the high step of a red-ribbon hackney; boys with high shoulders and boys with no shoulders at all; boys with red heads and freckles, and cleverness and mischief oozing from every pore; and boys with handsome faces and curls that made one sure their sisters were incipient belles of the next century. The ambulance trotted demurely after the swarm of youngsters, but far from needing it they were decidedly disposed to resent its escort. After the straggle ranks of "de ward" came the trim uniformed corps from Mimico, who evoked the first clap at saluting point. Colonel Otter and Captain Forester followed the School Regiment up Queen street avenue to the Armories, where a halt was made for the ex-members of the Q.O.R. and the Batoche column. The ex-members were out of great force and were put into shape by Mr. Delamere, brother of the Q.O.R.'s, colonel. Colonel G. T. Denison, Colonel Delamere, Major Mutton and Captain Harry Brock were among the officers present. Colonel Mason rode a nice horse and was followed by Corporal Albert Munn on a bicycle as orderly. Corporal Munn is one of the smartest young chaps at the Fort, and the evolutions he performed on his wheel through the crowd were the delight of all the small boys, who got in the way to "see him dodge," said they. The ex-members, in divers sorts of head-gear and whiskers, with an impossibility of presenting a fine uniform front, when one had a John Bull figure and the next an Uncle Sam, lined up and had their names taken down by reporters, then did some erratic forming of fours, and so on. The Batoche column arrived from the north with great pillars of flowers suitably mottoed and bouquets for the monument. The Veterans did their decorations in advance, and their monument, with its fence of rifles and sabres, was brave with palms and flowers all the afternoon. Speeches were made and the usual sentiments expressed at the Queen's Park. The whole length of the way from Queen street was lined with men and women, babies, carriages, bicycles, and pretty girls by the hundred. Around the drive, at the guns, it looked like a great picnic, as indeed it was, everything combining to make a perfect success. The Q.O.R. band, under Mr. Bayley, played during the afternoon.

A very smart wedding on Wednesday interested social circles in Goderich, when Mr. Richard Bayly, barrister, of London, and Miss Mabel V. Cameron, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, were married. The ceremony was performed in Knox church by the pastor, Rev. J. Anderson. Miss Grace Cameron, sister of the bride, and Misses Bayly and Edith Bayly, sisters of the groom, were bridesmaids. Mr. Edward Bayly, secretary of the Country and Hunt Club, brother of the groom, was best man. Dr. Hunter of Goderich was bride's usher. The other ushers were Mrs. Bayly, Beamer and Seaborn of London. Miss Cameron's bridal gown was of white satin, *en train*, trimmed with chiffon. She wore a veil and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids wore white organdie over white silk, and sashes of apple-green. The *dejeuner* at the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor was enlivened by the strains of the pipes, Piper McDonald of Seaford proudly facing in full glory of kilts and sporrans. Mrs. Anderson of London wore a rich and dainty gown of mauve silk veiled in fine black lace; Mrs. Cameron, the bride's mother, wore black velvet with white chiffon vest; Mrs. Bayly wore black brocade and carried a bouquet of yellow tulips. Mr. and Mrs. Bayly left on the afternoon train for the Falls and New York.

On the first day of June several weddings took place both here and elsewhere interesting to society. One of the best known men in Toronto, Mr. John Ridout, who had achieved the reputation of being a confirmed bachelor, was married to Miss A. M. Neff, formerly of Humberstone, Rev. W. J. McCaughan performing the ceremony at St. Andrew's church. Miss Neff, the bride's sister, was bridesmaid, and Mr. J. F. Edgar was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Ridout went to the States for the honeymoon, and will return through Eastern Canada. Mr. Ridout will remove from Orde street, his bachelor residence, and take up house on the east side in a pretty home in Earl street.

An out-of-town wedding which will be read of with interest by Toronto society was celebrated at Trinity church, Colborne, on Wednesday morning, June 1. On that day were married, by Rev. G. H. Webb, rector of Colborne, Miss Edith McTavish, daughter of Mr. D. C. McTavish, Hudson's Bay Company, and Mr. Robert Arthur Rogers of Winnipeg. The bonny bride is well known in Toronto, having spent several winters with her aunt, Mrs. James Thornburn, and she is as popular in Colborne and in Toronto society as she is well known. The wedding was a "white" one, the attendant bridesmaids being gowned in white as well as the bride herself. The gown of the latter was an exquisite creation of ivory white satin, *en train*, the skirt and train being trimmed with a double frill of the material, and the bodice with accordion-pleated chiffon; the sleeves were of *mousseline de soie*, with sprays of orange blossoms and lilies-of-the-valley over the right shoulder; the long tulle veil was surmounted with a crown of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Maude McTavish, cousin of the bride, Miss Maud Campbell and Miss Grace McTavish, sister of the bride, and with the attractive young bride they formed a most charming group. Hon. J. D. Cameron of Winnipeg, Attorney-General of Manitoba, was best man, while the ushers were: Messrs. Herbert Adam, Archie Campbell, C. H. W. Proctor, B. Morton Jones and Frank Strong. After the ceremony the guests drove to Bellevue, the picturesque home of Miss McTavish, aunt of the bride, to offer congratulations and good wishes to the newly married pair, who will take up their residence in Winnipeg after the wedding tour. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents, including three services of solid silver and a large amount of silverware, besides numerous useful and pretty articles in silver and china.

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Social and Personal.

THE last two days of the past week saw a brilliant closing of a remarkably bright Spring Race Meet. Quite an addition was made this year to the interest of the Meet by the presence of numerous visitors from East and West, and some very decided compliments were paid by visitors from the United States to the smartness, good form and beauty of the vast crowd of society people who filled the lawn and members' stand. Sir William Hingston, that handsome and courtly gentleman from Montreal, spent Friday in town, and was the most debonair of visitors to the races. Great hilarity and delight reigned in a large circle of Major Greville Harston's friends when St. George captured his race, and the pride and pleasure of his stalwart owner was good to see. Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick were down, I think on both days. At all events they happily spent many an afternoon hour at the Woodbine during the Meet, much to everyone's gratification. On Saturday, despite a decidedly coolish day, many of our most stylish dames wore muslin, and several were in white frocks of that airy material. Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne was one who wore a white muslin; Miss Jessie Rowand was a second; Mrs. George Plunkett Magann, in a very dainty white gown touched with black, and big hat, was a pretty picture. One of the most perfect gowns was Mrs. Albert Gooderham's—a *bluet* silk, with white satin trimmings, and a very pretty toque with upstanding sprays of wisteria. Mrs. Victor Cawthra was unanimously voted the belle of the bright assemblage on Saturday, in a gown of palest yellow silk, with exquisite white lace *applique*, white guimpe and sleeves, and small toque. Her superb figure and splendid health laughed at the necessity for wraps, and not a hint of chilliness showed in her rose-leaf cheeks and beautiful complexion. Many said she had never looked better than on Saturday. On Friday a big party of young people, under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox, came to the meet in a couple of four-in-hand coaches. Colonel Otter drove the Stanley Barracks four-in-hand, with a pleasant party from the Fort. Mrs. Cox's party, besides the house party, included among others: Capt., Mrs. and Miss Miles, Miss Houston, Miss Blanchard, Miss Bowie, Miss Jean Smith, Miss Mabel Lee, Dr. and Mrs. Murray, Messrs. Jones, Kavanagh, Hugo Ross, Mackay, Harry Hay, Seagram, Joe Seagram and Bland. The party drove to the Hunt Club for dinner, and much enjoyed a well served repast, at which covers were set for thirty, after which a carpet dance and a charming drive home in the light of a small, young moon brought the happy day to a close. Several very pretty girls from a distance were at the last two days' races. On Saturday Mrs. Grace gave a very elegant luncheon at McConkey's to a party of ladies, and afterwards hosted and guests went out to the Woodbine in the private car. Several small dinners were given Friday evening for guests obliged to leave for home on Saturday. The sad news from Hamilton of the death of Mr. Hendrie, brother of the vice-president of the Jockey Club, recalled the bright family group, and their box was a dreary blank on Friday and Get-away day. A brilliant gown of rose silk, trimmed with white lace, was well worn by Mrs. James Carruthers on Saturday, the last of a succession of charming toilets. Mrs. Riddell had on a pale blue silk beautifully made. Miss Louise Carling, daughter of Sir John Carling, was with her hostess, Miss Beverley Robinson. Miss Louise Eberts of Detroit was another visitor to the races this year. A dainty little maid in a charming frock and hat was Miss Antonette Plumb. Mrs. Cattanch looke I very handsome in a rich gray gown and very pretty bonnet. Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald were a mother and daughter, as usual, perfectly dressed; Mrs. Henri Suydam, in a rich deep-blue gown and hat with blue flowers, chaperoned her sisters, the Misses Coldham, and had with her also her brother, Mr. Coldham of Toledo. Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. Muntzinger and their respective daughters, were a bright party in the Langmuir box. Some successful pools were arranged by groups of bright women, and after a race one could see the stakeholder pouring her quarters and half-dollars into some small gloved hand, whose owner openly gloried in her good fortune. And there was the usual scramble about the paddock fence to "touch the winner," and lavish upon him or her the praise of a grateful raker-in of pools. In the tea-room chattering groups gathered for their usual afternoon tea, and many a bottle of the sparkler was opened and emptied to the continued good luck of some equine favorite. Mrs. Dobell and her daughter and niece were with Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout of Rosedale House. They left for Quebec this week after a most pleasant visit. Sir William Hingston had a merry little party in for a glass of fizz. Mr. Magann and his graceful little lady were host and hostess to another merry group. The sudden shower about five o'clock sent everyone scurrying for shelter, to return laughing to the lawn in five minutes. Mrs. Heaven of Atherley and her hand-some daughters formed an attractive group in a prominent box with Mr. and Mrs. George Morning. Judge Finkle was a welcome visitor for several days. One of the smartest groups on Saturday included: Mrs. Thomas Davies, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Campbell and the Misses Davies. Mrs. Davies was handsomely gowned in rich black brocade, with velvet jacket; Mrs. Taylor and Miss Davies looked quite *petite* and dainty in light silk dresses; Miss Campbell looked well in a rich black satin, with white satin tucked front, and Miss Carrie Davies was much admired in a mauve striped silk.

her new sister in her duties, and a group of girl friends, with Mrs. Lumbers and Mrs. Kyle, looked after the numerous visitors. Mrs. McCollum wore her bridal gown of white satin and looked as pretty and happy as anyone could wish. The tea-table, prettily set and lit, and decorated with roses, was supplied with a dainty selection of goodies. Mrs. McCollum had a great many callers, and played the hostess to all with much sweet cordiality.

Cards are out for a garden party at Government House on June 8, when Miss Mowat will receive a large party of guests.

Mrs. Loudon will receive on next Friday afternoon, from half-past four to seven o'clock, at 83 St. George street. Cards were out for the At Home early this week.

Goderich has shown considerable enterprise in engaging Godfrey's band for a concert on the evening of June 17. Mr. R. S. Williams, manager of the Commerce, an enthusiastic lover of good music, is at the head of the brave spirits who are bound to enjoy Godfrey's band.

An exchange comments upon the signs adorning the grass in a beautiful city park in Detroit. Instead of "Keep off the grass!" or, as at the Country and Hunt Club, "Keep off the grass-seed!" or, as in the Queen's Park, a threat of prosecution, the City of Straits has adopted just one word, "Please!" Nothing could add to this charmingly courteous appeal to the consideration of the public. No wonder that park has nice green sod.

There has been a gay young people's house-party at Mr. McGaw's beautiful cottage in the Queen's Royal grounds, Niagara-on-the-Lake, in front of which a new flag-staff has been erected, from which the Union Jack floated for the first time on the Queen's Birthday. Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Grier and child are there for the season. Mr. Jack Strathy of Queen's Park is among the regularly weekly visitors. The new bicycle path from the town to Queens-ton is a success, and has a constant stream of bicyclists. Old Fort Missisauqua is fast going to decay, to the everlasting disgrace of the Government. The bank facing the lake is giving way entirely.

The marriage of Miss Maude Miller to Mr. R. Osler Wade will take place at the Church of the Ascension on Wednesday, June 8th, at 7:30 p.m.

Mrs. Clougher of Grenville street has left home for the summer. After spending a few weeks in Montreal she will make her home at Balm Beach till September.

Mrs. F. Byrne and Miss Sadie Byrne of Huron street have returned from California, where they have been spending the winter, and have taken up their residence at Center Island.

Mrs. Alexander Cochrane, formerly of Toronto, whose daughter married Signor Salvatore Cortesi of the Roman Civil Service, has returned and is visiting Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, 131 Beverley street.

Mrs. Reynolds and her little daughter will return to their Sherbourne street residence early in June. Dr. Chas. Dickson, who has occupied the house for some time, has removed a short distance south on the same street.

Miss Erminie Hurst, (daughter of Mrs. Aubrey Hurst, 77 Bloor street), gave a party last Saturday to sixty of her little friends from 4 to 8 p.m. The tables were put up all around the lawn and handsomely decorated with red, white and blue, with the Anglo-Saxon colors displayed at each end of the lawn.

Congratulations are showered upon Mr. and Mrs. George Evans on the arrival of their little one, a very fine baby.

Many friends are glad to see Mrs. Lucius O'Brien out again, and to hear of health and strength regained.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham have spent a happy week in town, visiting relatives of both parties.

Society at the Capital.

His Excellency the Governor-General, who is honorary colonel of the Guards, entertained at dinner on Monday evening the very smart officers of that very smart corps. The dinner was followed by a reception at which all the *elite* of Ottawa society were present, the evening being very gayly spent with dancing in the ball-room and the grounds being thrown open to those who were inclined for a solitary *tele-a-tete*. His Excellency, who, during dinner, wore his ordinary evening dress without any decorations, afterwards changed it to that of a Scottish chieftain, being more in accord with the brilliant uniforms of his guests. Many speeches were made after dinner, the Minister of Militia making a most telling one, in which he expressed surprise at seeing so many Guardsmen properly clothed, as he had been led to believe that owing to the delinquencies of the Militia Department that noble corps had not been due justice to for some months in the matter of clothing.

The marriage of Miss Queenie Davis, daughter of Mr. M. P. Davis, to Mr. D'Arcy Scott, youngest son of the Secretary of State, takes place in St. Joseph's church on Wednesday morning next. After the wedding a reception is to be held at Mr. Davis's residence, Rideau street.

Mrs. Warren Y. Soper has sent out cards for a garden party to take place on Thursday evening at her picturesque summer residence, Lornevale, near Rock-cliffe.

"Most delightful" was the verdict of the guests who attended the large garden party given on Thursday afternoon of last week in honor of the Royal Society of Canada by Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Keefer. Mr. and Mrs. Keefer were assisted in receiving the guests by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keefer and Mrs. McKay of Montreal. Refreshments were served in a

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Attracted Deserved Attention.
Grand Rapids Herald.
There are queer signs displayed in every city which find their way into print, and Grand Rapids has its share, but the palm is yielded to the following, which has drifted in from the far East. Mrs. Marshall, an indigent widow, went into the laundry business on a small scale. She had her sign painted upon the shutters of her front window, like this:
No. 1
Mrs. Marshall
Laundry
All work punctually done
Open at 7 o'clock
See specimens in this window
The next morning, when she went out to see what caused the crowd in waiting there, she found that the left-hand blind had been blown back by the wind and the sign hardly read as she meant it should, although it accounted for the crowd.
Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
A microbe espied her,
And slipped down inside her,
And she had influenza next day.
Cincinnati Enquirer.
"There's the van with the piano we bought to-day," "Well, just send it right back," cried his wife. "Why?" "We are not going to buy a new piano and have it delivered after dark when none of the neighbors can see it coming."—Ex.
Teacher—Thomas, will you tell me what a conjunction is, and compose a sentence containing a conjunction? Thomas (after long and solemn reflection)—A conjunction is a word connecting anything, such as, "The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter." Halter is a conjunction because it connects the horse and the fence!

The Bain Book and Stationery Company's
New address is
96
Yonge St.
A few doors above King St.
Phone 1680.
A. E. Huestis, Mgr.

We Have It
Below is a partial list of the many reputable French and English proprietary and patent preparations not easily procurable in Canada.
LAVO for the Hair
KOKO for the Hair
BARKER'S HERBES
FLORINE for the teeth
COE'S EZEMA CURE
STEVEN'S OINTMENT
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BOW'S LINIMENT
HOMBURG SALT
KITNOW'S CARLSBAD POWDER
EDISON'S OBESITY PREPARATIONS
MRS. JOHNSTON'S SOOTHING SYRUP
DE SAKETIS' GOUT PILLS
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GERAULDEL'S PASTILES for the voice
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Come to us first for these preparations and thereby save yourself much time and money.
HOOVER & CO.
43 & 45 King St. West
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It's the Value!
That makes Kemp's
GRANITE or DIAMOND
enameled ware so popular. They don't cost more than poor kinds—and every piece is guaranteed. Our label is a brand of quality—it means pure, wholesome ware that will feed well.
Most dealers keep them, and it will pay you to find the Granite or Diamond label on every piece you buy.
Kemp Mfg. Co., Toronto

By appointment Caterers to His Excellency the Governor-General.
Webb's Wedding Cakes
—a necessity at fashionable weddings. They are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. We ship them by express to all parts of the Dominion, safe arrival guaranteed.
The HARRY WEBB CO.
LIMITED
TORONTO

Mothers
You haven't used
Warre's
CONVIDO
Port Wine
or your baby would not fret and look so puny.
Sold by Michie & Co., J. C. Moor, D. Kirkpatrick, G. W. Cooley, T. H. George, F. Gies, Rossin House Grocery. Wholesale by Adams & Burns and G. J. Foy.
H. CORBY
Sole Agent for Canada
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Cook's Turkish Baths
Are the finest in Canada, having all the latest appliances, and perfect in their appointments. The sleeping accommodation for the night bathers is the finest on this continent. Thoroughly experienced attendants for ladies and gentlemen. Massages, Massage and Chiropedist always in attendance.
404 King St. West.
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Late Prop. Montreal Turkish Baths.

Wedding Gifts
A choice selection of the latest novelties in...
Fine China
Rich Cut Glass
...
WILLIAM JUNOR
39 King St. West

Storer's Lime Juice
Made from West Indian Limes only—they are especially cultivated for it.
There are no injurious adulterants in it—it is absolutely pure—"No musty flavor"—no cooling—refreshing—healthful. "No free acid taste. High class grocers sell it."

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SYLVIA'S LAST STORY

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

Author of "The Doomsday," "Patience Sparhawk," &c.

Sylvia Hunt had been born in San Francisco, reared in San Francisco, was a graduate of the San Francisco High School; except for brief excursions to the seaside or farms to escape the cold winds of mid-summer for a little, she had never been out of the city. The country as depicted on the scenes of the theaters was far more intimate in her mind than any of the marvels of her state. Finding that she was obliged to support herself and her mother almost coincidentally with graduation, she determined to become a newspaper woman. She haunted the office of the *Searcher* until the city editor gave her an assignment, "to get rid of her," as he expressed it; but in reality because he knew the value of tenacity in a reporter. Since then she had interviewed murderers in their cells, political bosses, society women, ex-inmates, who had taken the Keely cure, paid bi-weekly visits to the morgue in search of "stories," had, altogether, developed her natural intrepidity, and a style that was the pride of Pacific Coast journalism. She whittled her stories to a point, had a startling collection of adjectives, kept humor and pathos in stock, the former of which she used with liberality, the latter with artistic economy, and could work up as dramatic a climax as any gifted maker of tales. In time she became the most noted newspaper woman of her State, signed her contributions, and received a large salary. Small wonder then that she was chosen for one of the most remarkable assignments upon which a newspaper had ever sent a reporter.

The State had been agog for a year over a series of the boldest train robberies that had ever been enacted within its famous boundaries. Four times the eastern-bound train passing over the southern route had been held up by masked men and despoiled of its thousands; but only two months since had the crime been fastened on Jim Bennett, a well-known citizen of Bakersfield, and grape farmer in a small way. He was arrested, after the wounding of the sheriff and one of his assistants, and the killing of another, and locked up. He broke jail the same night, and was known to be hiding in the Sierras. Four search parties had gone after him. Tom Harkness, the second party, had merely returned to Bakersfield and reported. The second party, more keen for glory, had ventured half way up, led by Tom Harkness, the most fearless sheriff in Southern California, and been disastrously routed by Mr. Bennett and his loyal friends—several of whom had followed him into exile—who lay at full length behind a felled redwood and fired leisurely between pipes and "chaws." The governor was considering the advisability of ordering out the militia, when the State was startled by a fifth train-robbery, at which a haul of twenty thousand dollars was made, and at which Mr. Bennett officiated without the formality of a mask, and sent his compliments to the —est cormorants who owned the railroad and were the —est thieves that ever went unhung.

"They'll have the militia out now, sure," said the city editor of the *Searcher*, the morning after the robbery. "They may give Tom Harkness one more chance, but that's all." He sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing with the enthusiasm of his ilk when the outlines of a "great story" spring from the imagination. "We will have an interview with Bennett! The *Searcher's* out of sight now; a scoop like that and she'd be the monarch of Pacific Coast journalism without any advertising."

Two young men who were writing at desks came rapidly forward; but Sylvia Hunt ran past them and planted herself squarely before the editor.

"I want it," she said decidedly; "and I can succeed where a man would be sure to fail. They would never let a man up that peak alive, but they won't fire on a woman."

The editor did not reply for a moment, although his eyes flashed again. After all, though not a gentleman, he was a man, and had, in a remote brain-cell, an infinitesimal fragment of the instinct of protection of the male for the female. One of the volunteering reporters gave a short laugh and turned on his heel. The other reddened and bit his lip. He was a tall young man with a pale face and a slight stoop—a college graduate and the best man on the city staff. He did not look at the city editor; his eyes were fixed on Miss Hunt.

"Well!" demanded Sylvia, with a slight stamp of her foot, "what are you hesitating about? I am going, of course. I'm the only person on the paper that has the ghost of a show; and I suppose you're not calculating on a failure?"

"No, I'm not, replied the editor bluntly. "You can have it. It's ten o'clock. Go home and get what you want and come back here for instructions. You'll take the 12.30 train. I'll telegraph to Bakersfield to have a guide ready for you."

Sylvia left the room immediately. The young man followed and stopped her in the corridor.

"Well," she said, coloring and turning her head aside, "I know what you're going to say, but I'm going, and I haven't time to talk about it."

"I have no hope of dissuading you," he said. "I merely want to say that I am

going with you."

"You're not going to do anything of the kind. Do you think I shall have the edge taken off my scoop like that? I'll tell the C.E. not to allow it."

"I shall go with you if I have to resign from the paper. As far as your scoop is concerned, no one need know that I am with you except the C.E. The others will think I'm off for a vacation."

"Oh, bother!" Miss Hunt tossed her head and walked away; but she colored again.

Sylvia, a guide known as Hickory Pete, and John Harrison, "crack" reporter of the San Francisco *Searcher*, were slowly ascending the foothills of the Sierras on horseback. During the long ride south on the train, and the drive to the foothills, Miss Hunt had refused to converse with her knight; but as the majestic redwoods closed about them, their primal silence unbroken by the rustle of their topmost leaf three hundred feet above, not a living thing at play in the green fragrant depths of their under world, the great I AM of the American maiden deserted her for the first time in her life! Awed and frightened, she pushed her horse close to Harrison's.

He understood perfectly—he had spent days and nights in the redwoods alone. "You will like it presently," he said; "one always feels that way at first. That was one reason why I wanted to come with you."

She shook her head decidedly. "I am a child of the pavements," she said. "I like the rush and the hurry, the thousand sensations that are crowded into a city—that you feel are there, even if they don't come your way. But," she added, with a charming smile, "I like you much better here, somehow, than I did in town."

"There is a chance for companionship here—of really finding each other out."

"Dear me! I wonder if you will like me when you find me out? I have heard society girls complain that the men they had liked most during the winter were worse than noodles in the country. Perhaps I won't sustain myself, as the short-story-writers say when they want to write a novel."

She was a brown-haired girl, with keen eyes of the greenish-gray hue so often seen in California. Her complexion was somewhat worn, her nose tilted, her mouth was ravishingly pretty, her chin square. Two-thirds of the men in the office were in love with her, but she gave them small heed. Harrison looked at her with something of tenderness, something of triumph—he knew his advantage.

They were riding along in silence. Sylvia's head was thrown back; she was gazing up into the rigid interlaced arms of the redwoods a hundred feet above her head, through which the sunrays trickled faintly. There was a hideous yell, a rush of incredible rapidity, and something sprang at Sylvia's horse, throwing him back on his haunches. Almost simultaneously there was the report of a pistol, and something dropped with a thud to the ground.

"Well done, young man," exclaimed Pete, who was some little distance behind. He spurred his horse and reached them almost immediately. "It's a wild cat—and a rattling big one. You're a good shot, mister, and you've got a cool head for a city gent."

Sylvia was very pale, but she looked at Harrison with quite a new regard. She had hardly considered him in the light of a man before, little more than an able mentality connected with the city staff. But it seemed suddenly to expand, and Sylvia remembered that once, when she was very young and green, she had had an ideal. She felt an unvoiced shyness, and turned to Hickory Pete.

"Do you think Bennett is sure to be there?" she asked.

"To be sure, mum. He takes it for granted that they think he's skeddaddled over the border, and after he interviews you, or you him, begin your pardon, he'll git. I reckon. There won't be nothing else for him to do. And I ain't sorry. He's been wise to stay for some things, but it's time for him to git now."

"Where will he go—to Mexico?"

"I reckon that's about the size of it. There ain't no place else, 'cept Canada. I wish he was there—I wish he was. But they're watching the border. It's pretty risky."

Sylvia wished that another wild cat would appear that she might feel that glow about her heart again. But nothing broke the profound stillness of the forest but the wind sighing through the tree-tops and the low roar of the creek. At night they built a huge fire in a clearing on the high bank of the creek, and cooked their supper.

"You've been here before, young man," said Pete admiringly. "I never eat better cooked steak and flapjacks than these."

"I spend all my vacations in the mountains," replied Harrison.

After supper he and Sylvia wandered along the bluff, then into the forest. Sylvia had never known that anything could be so still. Even the wind slept. Harrison talked to her of everything but the office, and she was ready to forget its existence. She had never believed that she, Sylvia Hunt, the concentrated essence of modernity, could feel as if she wanted an evening in a dark, quiet redwood forest never to end. Harrison did not make love to her. He knew how sweet the slow awakening is to a woman; and he, too, was content to wait.

He told her something of the wonders of the forest, and made her kneel and listen to the low murmur of the night world. Then he talked to her of his favor-

ite authors and poets, and Sylvia realized that there were other things that she had missed besides love.

"I will read when I go back," she said eagerly. "I am a terrible little ignoramus, but I'll subscribe to the Mercantile Library, and you will write out a list for me, won't you?"

"I will lend you my books. I have a good many."

"I am a child of the hour, of the moment," said Sylvia, more and more discontented with herself. "It nearly killed me to study history at school, or anything connected with the past. I remember a school friend came back from a trip to England a year or so ago, and she told me with delight that she'd seen the very window out of which Charles I. had walked to be beheaded. I asked her who Charles I. was, and she was shocked—she'd been a great history scholar. But I told her I didn't care whether I knew or not; that a newspaper woman's place was right here in the NOW. But perhaps one might have time for two sides."

"You have missed a good deal," he said tenderly. "But you are a child yet. Come, you must go back now. We have a hard day to-morrow, and you must get a good night's rest."

When he reached the camp he saw that the blankets she was to sleep on were comfortably arranged.

"If you are frightened in the night you must call me," he said. "But Pete and I shall watch alternately. Nothing will hurt you."

"Altogether," thought Sylvia, as she stretched herself out on her side of the fire, "I'll be engaged before I get back. And it will be those redwoods that will have done it. The huge, motionless things seem to keep saying to me: 'Be serious, Sylvia; be serious.' And I should like to know what is more serious than matrimony—even with our divorce laws."

And then, to her unutterable surprise, she burst into tears.

They were two days reaching the famous peak. Hickory Pete, who had lived his lifetime in the mountains, killed innumerable bears and several men, served his term twice, and was notoriously a friend of Bennett's, regaled Harrison and Sylvia with thrilling yarns of his manifold adventures, as they slowly climbed the trails, or sat around the fire at meals. They did not meet another human being, nor did they see another beast. Sylvia had read of such experiences, but unbelievably. She felt as if she were in a new world, on another planet, where the atmosphere was green under interlacing boughs in forest depths, where no one existed but themselves; and always, somewhere, there was a low roar of water. She lost the thread of Pete's tales, falling into reverie, of what she scarcely knew. On the second night she and Harrison walked again into the forest, and this time she talked eagerly of herself, telling him of her childhood and early girlhood; then made him tell her of his own life. Although he had drawn her hand through his arm, he made no attempt to caress her; but they felt very close together. When Sylvia went to bed she felt very happy; but Sylvia was still Sylvia, and she could not forbear a humorous observation.

"I am almost ready to admit that men are really cleverer than women," she thought. "Certainly, he knew what he was about when he came along."

They were at the foot of the peak. Pete was making Sylvia sandwiches and giving her advice.

"Be sure you look as if you sympathized with Jim," he said. "He's powerful keen on sympathy. And if he's shocked at his havin' taken what ain't his'n, don't let on for the world. He's powerful sensitive, is Jim. If you could look as if you thought he was powerful, brave, and clever, that 'ud go a long way. All folks has their peculiarities, and it's a grand thing to know just where they lie when yer have to tackle them. Well, s'long. It's ten o'clock."

Harrison turned pale, but he wisely made no attempt to detain her; she was not a woman to turn back with purpose unaccomplished.

"Promise that you will fire your revolver if you feel that you have the least cause to be frightened," he said.

Sylvia nodded. She did not look at him, nor did she feel like talking. Harrison and Pete withdrew into the brush. There was no necessity for this formality as far as Pete was concerned, but Sylvia was determined to have the glory of invading the robber's den alone. She began the ascent slowly, for it was very steep. She did not look back, lest she should betray the fact that a word would bring her down with a run.

Half-way up she paused to rest. She sat down on a burnt stump, and, as neither of her protectors had a field-glass, permitted her gaze to wander downward to the hiding place of the man who had been her constant companion for the past two days, and held possession of her dreams by night. She heaved a great sigh.

"It's no use," she thought; "I'm in love. I'll be married two months from now. Another good newspaper woman gone wrong. The boss will be furious. It's these redwoods."

They were set thick on a vast expanse of peak waves. Below, their spikes rose from the canyon where her lover fumed. Mr. Bennett had chosen this mount, burnt bare by fire, not only because no enemy could approach unseen, but because it was blistered for hours at a time by the solar rays. "Which is good for my rheumatics," he had announced in one of his bulletins. "I like the sun, and never could abide damp. Here I'll stay until I'm ready to quit the country, and I'll make it a — sight hotter than the sun for anybody that comes up here without bein' invited."

Sylvia was two weary hours climbing the peak. Pete had admonished her to hold herself straight, to "take it easy," and to "come down on the flat of her feet." But Sylvia, being a woman, and versed in stairs, leaned forward and walked on her toes. Consequently she had a backache for the first time in her life. And she was lonesome and hungry, and the terrible silence and grandeur of the scene sent her to the verge of tears. But when she neared the crest, and saw the tall familiar figure of Mr. Bennett—his wife had been most generous in the matter of photographs—standing in front of the cabin door, his hands in his pockets, regarding her with manifest disapproval, her spirits and her new sense flared together. She nodded blithely, accelerated her steps, and reached his level in a few moments.

"Good morning, Mr. Bennett," she said, as if her call were the most natural thing in the world.

"Well," he said, "what do you want?"

"May I sit down and eat my sandwiches on this stone? How glad I am to be on a flat place again. I suppose you will accept these credentials." She handed him a note from his wife, bought with a round sum by the San Francisco *Searcher*, in which the bold highwayman was petitioned to give the bearer an interview.

Bennett's face softened. He put the letter tenderly inside his coarse flannel shirt. His face was almost entirely covered by a short red beard, each hair of which seemed to bristle with angry fire. His hair was long and uncombed. The defiance in his deeply-set, hard blue eyes was almost wild. He was not a soothing presence to encounter in the wilderness, but Sylvia was afraid of nothing under heaven but tarantulas. She had glanced about carefully; there were no little round holes covered with white film. The door of the cabin stood open. Two men, as uninviting in appearance as their chief, were snoring loudly on the floor.

"So you are a newspaper woman," remarked Bennett. "Well, you are gritty, and I like that. I ain't no particular objection to givin' the *Searcher* an interview, but they must want one pretty bad when they send a delicate little woman like you after one. Ain't you got no feller to look after you?"

Sylvia blushed rosily. "I suggested that you would never let a strange man come up here alive."

"You may bet your bottom dollar on

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Don't be under the impression that Abbey's Effervescent Salt is unpalatable. It is a most delicious preparation to the taste—so pleasant, in fact, that it is oftentimes taken as a beverage. It is an unequalled thirst-quencher. But aside from these excellent qualities, it is the most wonderful regulator of health known.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

taken daily, will purify your blood and cleanse your system. Its effect is mild—almost imperceptible—but certain. Take it every day and you will enjoy constant good health. Abbey's Effervescent Salt, which is prescribed and endorsed by physicians, is a standard English preparation which all druggists sell at 60 cents a large bottle. Trial size, 25 cents.

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BEST AND SAFEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Prescribed and approved by all the medical authorities, for CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, HEMORRHOIDS, as well as for all kindred ailments resulting from indigestion in diet.

"It is remarkably and exceptionally uniform in its composition."

"The prototype of all Bitter Waters." "Absolutely constant in composition."

ORDINARY DOSE: ONE WINEGLASSFUL BEFORE BREAKFAST.

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TABLE DELICACY
ASTY FLAVOR

Three essentials of a tea, which are only found in



Pure, Delicious and Invigorating.

Sealed Lead Packets Only.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c

that."

"But what I was going to say was, that the *Searcher* does want an interview. You are the great sensation of the day. A presidential election could not diminish the interest of the public in the greatest train-robber of the age."

Pete had not overrated Mr. Bennett's vanity. A smile forced its way through the thicket of hair which altered the outlines of his bony countenance. "So," he said. "So, I'm a hero? Well, I'm sorry the law don't look at it that way and let me go in peace. I've got eighty-five thousand dollars in that there cabin, and much good it will do me until I kin git to Canada or Mexico, where I kin send for my family and live in quiet and comfort."

"You are not alone here, I see, Mr. Bennett."

"Oh, no, I've got two friends inside asleep, and two more are over on that there mountain huntin' deer. My friends have stood by me; and they'll have their reward, not in the next world, but in this. I've given them a thou. apiece."

"Of course generosity is a part of your bold nature. It is no use, I suppose, to ask you your immediate plans?"

"Well, no, it ain't. When the time comes to leave I'll leave. I've got my spies as well as the law. Meanwhile, I've got five rifles and plenty of ammunition to hold the fort."

"I hope you'll get off safely, Mr. Bennett; indeed I do. I am sure you need the money much more than the people you—took it from."

"That's what I thought when I swiped it," replied Mr. Bennett placidly. "If I could only made a haul of several millions outen the U. S. Government now, I'd be livin' in a palace on Nob Hill, San Francisco, without nothin' to disturb my peace of mind but an occasional dig in the *Searcher*; but as my opportunities are limited, and I've only been able to git away with eighty-five thou. in a haul year—by a long slight squarer method—I'm treated like any common orn'ry burglar. However, it's no use grumblin'; you can't make the world over. Luckily there be other places besides California. I'm sorry to leave California, though. It's pretty. It's pretty."

"I'm so sorry your grape-farming wasn't a success, Mr. Bennett," said Sylvia, with genuine sympathy; she thought him very interesting. "Then you would not have been so tempted."

He snorted. "It wasn't tempted so much I was mad. I'd like to know what farmer has any chance these days, when California's been stuffed inside an iron skeleton of railroads. You raise a good crop. It ain't worth your while to ship it to Frisco, much less to the States, because the freight's so heavy it eats up more'n the profits. So I thought I'd make a fool of the railroad, and better myself by the way. And I have made a fool of them!"

"He doubled his hairy fist and shook it in the air; the blood blazed under his weather-beaten skin. "I only wish I could have got a show at old Partington. I'd have made him so heavy with lead, they'd have had to have six extra pallbearers."

"Do you think that killing the owner of the railroad would remedy the evil, Mr. Bennett?" Sylvia, fortunately, had a memory independent of notes, and had succeeded in placing the outlaw quite at his ease.

"It would be — satisfactory; and it might set people to thinkin' a little. But if I don't do it, someone else will. That's what lets me sleep o' nights."

"Now, Mr. Bennett, I'm going to ask

you to let me sketch you. Of course, we've had your photograph, but so have all the papers; and we want something exclusive—and a sketch from here, just think what a triumph for the *Searcher*! You don't mind, do you? I really draw quite nicely; I took all the prizes at school, and have taken a special course since, for the purposes of newspaper illustration. It adds so to one's income."

"I don't know as I do mind. You are a plucky little woman, and I respect you. Perhaps you'll tell all the news. I don't see the papers too often."

"Indeed, I'll tell you everything you want to know. Sit there—please—against the cabin. It will make such an appropriate background. I wish I could get a

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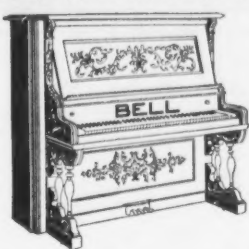
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few redwoods in, but I'm not equal to that."

For an hour Sylvia sketched and chatted. The man listened with deep interest for a time, then his eyes closed. The woman's presence, her soft voice, the novel visitation, soothed his eternal vigilance, and he drifted unresistingly into sleep. Sylvia did not mind. She had already done his eyes and mouth—what she could see of the last; she worked on steadily at the bold outline and violent hair. Suddenly there was a rift in her absorption; through it filtered the consciousness that the intense silence about her was disturbed. She dropped her pencil and listened intently. Then she looked up at the redwoods; they were motionless. She rose to her feet and ran round to the back of the house. A company of militia was within two hundred yards of the top.

She bounded back and flung herself on Bennett.

"They are coming!" she cried to the dazed man. "The militia! They are crawling up the back of the hill! They are almost here!"

He sprang to his feet with an oath, and lifting her by the shoulders made a motion as if to fling her down the mountain.

"You've given me away!" he screamed, with a volley of oaths. "I might have known it. But I'll settle with you after!"

He ran into the cabin, made a hurried explanation to the two men who were sitting up, staring about stupidly, and barricaded the door and window. Sylvia had sense enough to make no protest. She retired to a corner of the small dining room, resolved to make herself as small as possible, and at the first chance to slip out and run down the peak. It was some time before she realized her danger.

The noise outside grew louder. Through a small chink between the logs she saw the men swarm up. Tom Harkness came forward and formally demanded the surrender of Bennett. The three prisoners made no reply, no sound. They stood with their rifles at their shoulders. Sylvia looked at their set, indomitable faces and thrilled with the response of woman to man's brute courage. With all her soul she hoped they would win, or, that being impossible, that they had some secret method of escape. She glanced about with her sharp trained eyes. There was no sign of an underground passage. It was a small square room, built directly on the ground. In one corner was a bank, covered with a filthy pulch mattress. Against the wall was a pile of straw and blankets where the "friends" slept. In another a heap of sacks, through the rough meshes of which was a gleam of yellow.

Harkness repeated his demand. Again no answer. In another moment there was a rush against the door. It stood firm, although the cabin shuddered. Bennett applied his eye to a hole beside the door. He removed it, inserted the muzzle of his rifle and fired. There was an ugly scream without, then a volley from every side. There were five small round holes in the cabin. From three of these the outlaw and his friends did deadly work.

Sylvia realized her peril. The redwood logs of which the cabin was built were soft and thick, and the balls from without had so far ploughed their way indifferently as yet not one had entered, and groans of pain and screams of rage were multiplying without, but at any moment a bullet might splinter through a weak place—and Sylvia be the victim! She glanced about desperately. There was no refuge but under that appalling mattress on the bunk. Rather a thousand deaths she decided. She dropped from the box on which she had been sitting, and huddled down into the corner, believing that no bullet could reach her unless the men fired on her knees.

She put her hands to her knees and tried to calculate how long it would take Harkness to reach the top of the peak. Of course, he would start at the first shot. She decided that she would marry on the following day if he wished it, and have a man to protect her for the rest of her life.

The firing ceased. There was another rush for the door; then another. It creaked horribly, strained, began to give. Bennett, reloading and fired steadily, picking his men. A brilliant ray of light appeared between the door and the cement.

"Will you give in now?" shouted Harkness.

Bennett made no reply. "Get a muzzle in that opening!" cried the captain. "What's that door made of?" But Bennett's rifle was already there. Another man screamed. Then the company without was transformed into a yelling, cursing, frantic mob. Their pride was in the dirt; and no one knew whose turn it would be next. They formed in a solid body and made another rush. Bennett had re-fastened the door, but it gave again. The strip of light was wider than before.

And Sylvia was oblivious. Her staring eyes were fixed on a tiny round hole in the ground, not three inches from her. Something dark and elastic was rising from it. It bulged up slowly, this thing, without apparent head—or legs. What were those objects that suddenly appeared to prop that enlarging excrecence in generous profusion? The body accelerated its movements. It rose higher. It dragged eight long hairy legs after it. Sylvia leaped to her feet with a piercing shriek, and flinging herself on Bennett, knocked the gun out of his hand.

"A tarantula!" she gasped and fainted. And before he could recover himself the door was down and six men were holding him while the officers of the law slipped the handcuffs on his wrist and the boot on his leg.

When Sylvia recovered she was in the open. Several of the wounded soldiers were making litters with which to bear their wounded brethren in comfort for many weary miles. The rest of the company were marching down the hill, a man of great physique and an air of utter hopelessness limping painfully in their midst. Still further down Sylvia saw two men approaching, as rapidly as was possible on that steep ascent. It was a moment before her mind was quite clear. As the last leaf of her memory opened she sprang

to her feet and examined her skirts for a lurking tarantula. He was not to be found, and she looked in the window of the cabin. More fortunate than Bennett, he was retreating into his underground cave. Sylvia drew a profound sigh of relief and went over to succor the wounded.

That day's events made a great story on the first page of the *Searcher*, but it was Sylvia's last.

[THE END.]

A Hopeless Invalid.

Such Was the Condition of Miss Rodd of Brooklyn.

An Editor Relates the Story of Her Illness and How a Remarkable Change in Her Condition Was Brought About.

From the *Gazette*, Whitby, Ont.

For some five years the editor of this journal has made weekly visits to Brooklyn in search of news. One of his earliest recollections of the village was in noting that Miss Levina Rodd was very ill. Miss Rodd was well known, and as week after week rolled around it was natural to ask how she was getting on, and the reply always came that she was no better. Time went on and it became a settled fact that Miss Rodd was a confirmed invalid and that such she would continue until a kind Providence took mercy on her by allowing death to end her sufferings. None of the villagers anticipated any other ending. Our astonishment can better be imagined than described, therefore, when Mrs. Bert Wells hailed us one morning with "Well, editor, we have some news for you to-day."

"What is it?" "Why, Miss Rodd has gone on a visit to Columbus friends."

"Why, I thought she was a confirmed invalid?" "So she was, but she has been improving so much lately that she is now able to help herself a good deal, and it was thought a change of scene would do her good." "That is certainly news," replied the quill-pusher, "and good news too; but what cured her?" "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," replied Mrs. Wells. We then decided to ask Miss Rodd upon her return for an interview, but it was some time before it took place, owing to the limited time at our disposal between trains, and partly owing to a desire to wait and see if the improvement was likely to prove permanent. However, after many put-offs we finally called at the home of Mrs. Doolittle, a sister of Miss Rodd's, who has carefully cared for her during the long illness. At the request of the editor Miss Rodd made the following statement: "I am fifty years of age and have lived in Brooklyn ten years. Five years ago I was taken ill with acute rheumatism, and have not done a day's work since. The trouble began with my feet and the swelling extended to my arms, wrists and shoulders, and finally settled in my neck. I had such pain that I was obliged to use a walking-stick to ease me in moving about, and two and a half years ago the stick had to make way for a crutch. At this time I used to get up a little each day, but it was not long before I was denied even this privilege, and the next six months I was perfectly helpless and bed-ridden. I could not even turn my head or put a cup of tea to my mouth. I got completely discouraged after ineffectually being treated by two physicians and trying the different medicines recommended for my ailment. While I was in this helpless condition my niece came in one day and prevailed upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking two boxes I felt a slight change for the better, so I continued to take them, with the effect that I continued to improve slowly ever since. I now sleep well, have a good appetite and have gained in flesh. I can stand now, walk about and even get in and out of the buggy upon the occasion of my late visit to Columbus. Since that time, too, I feel stronger, and my reason for still using a crutch is on account of my knees being weak and a desire to not overtax my strength. Jubilee day was the first time in twenty months that I was able to put my foot outside the door, and I am satisfied had I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the first place instead of the other medicines used, I would have been spared much suffering. I am sure I owe my improvement to these Pills alone." Mrs. Doolittle, who, as we have previously stated, attended her sister through her trying illness, was equally strong in her recommendations as to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills having effected the radical change, and the three of us agreed that it would be only just that this case should be brought to the notice of suffering humanity in the hope that it might prove a blessing to more than Miss Rodd, who still continues to improve and who hopes to again be able to do her full day's work at no distant date.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

An Impression.

St. Paul's.
A girl in a window seat—
Dusk and a single lamp
Lit in a gray, gray street.
White face against the glass,
Blurred with the misty damp
Stained with the yellow gas.
Eyes that a lost hope seek,
Lips that bear longing's stamp
And something bright on her cheek.
J. J. BELL.

"Florida, if we should elope, would your father pursue us?" "No, I think he would move, so we couldn't find him when we got ready to come back."—*Chicago Record*.

Teacher (to a scholar with a very dirty face)—Jimmy, I think you are just about as dirty as any boy in the city. Jimmy—You ought to see my brother. Teacher—Does your brother have a dirty face oftener than you do? Jimmy—Well, mother says she don't believe he's washed his face since he got it.—*Truth*.

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No More Useless Than Trying to Cure Dyspepsia

Without Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—They Cannot Fail—Because They Remove the Cause of Disease.

The world's most expert marksman cannot hit the face in the moon. Everybody knows this, and no one would be so foolish as to waste time and ammunition trying to do so.

But thousands of people spend years of time and hundreds of dollars in attempts to do what is equally impossible—cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bilio-ness, etc., without Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bilio-ness, etc., are caused by undigested food lying rotting in the stomach.

The stomach is too weak to digest it.

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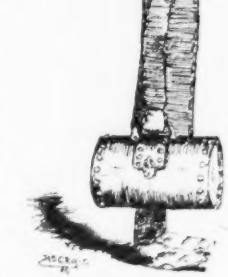
If you find a stream overflowing its banks, and flooding the country in the dry season, you know that the current has been "dammed up."

Remove the dam and the waters return to their course, the overflow ceases.

It's exactly the same with Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bilio-ness, etc.

Remove the cause and the disease disappears. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets remove the cause by digesting the food, just as you stop the flooding of the stream by removing the dam. The effect is equally positive in both cases.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.



Museum attraction—The Man with the Iron Grip.

Where Women Have Rights.

Advocate of India (Bombay).

A curious custom in Seoul, Corea, is the law which makes it obligatory for every man to retire to his home when the huge bronze bell of the city proclaims it to be the hour of sunset and the time for closing the gates. No man is allowed in the streets after that hour under pain of flogging; but the women are allowed to go about and visit their friends.

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Buying and Trying all Sorts of Remedies. Take Warning by Mr. Wm. Higgins, of Wroxeter, Ont. He Spent \$200.00 on Various Preparations. They did him no good. Dr. Chase's Ointment cured him.

Here's what he has to say about the case:—"I have been troubled with Salt Rheum on the foot. It started at my big toe and spread all over my foot from the toe to the ankle. I tried everything that I could hear of and all failed to cure or help me. I had spent fully \$200.00 in trying to cure but did not get it. Reading of some of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Chase's Ointment I procured a box. After persistently using it for a very short while my foot became as sound as ever it was, and I am ready to be examined by any physician who has a mind to do so to prove the truth of what I say. I feel I cannot say enough for this great remedy and shall be pleased at any time to have correspondence regarding my case. I am an old citizen and well known and take pleasure in recommending Dr. Chase's Ointment to everyone afflicted as I have been."
WILLIAM HIGGINS,
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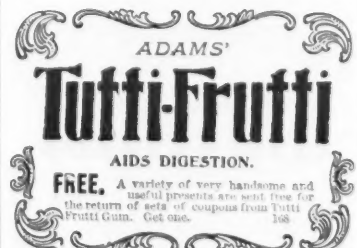
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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor

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VOL. 11] TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1898. [NO. 29

The Drama.

BOB FITZSIMMONS, "the pugilistic marvel of the century," is the attraction that is drawing large numbers of both sexes to the Toronto Opera House this week. Unlike Corbett, Fitzsimmons confines his part of the entertainment to bag-punching and sparring, and leaves the other turns to the other "talent." The performance commences with a display of "strictly modern juggling" by the "premier equilibrist and jugglers of the universe." This is an exceptionally good turn, some of the feats being equal to anything ever seen here. We then have a comedy duo by Conkley and Husted, a lady and a gentleman dressed like a colored lady who comedy-duo in a business-like way. Their little dog helps them out like a true artist and does his best to turn the comedy duo into a trio. Johnnie Carroll, assisted by his sparring partner, Miss Adelaide Crawford, then gives a picture of the brighter side of living in a flat when the furniture is held in the wife's name. The climax is reached when the lady gathers up the rug and the carpets on her arm, pulls the chair from under her husband, chases him away from "her" piano, pulls down the curtains from the doorway and departs for her mother's, leaving the flat as unfurnished-looking as a bald man's crown. Beautiful Theo, "the acknowledged musical queen," then hammers out selections from Il Trovatore on some kind of a dulcimer and follows it up with popular songs on the sleigh-bells. The monarchs of Irish comedy follow with another phase of that much-backey subject. T. W. Eckert and Emma Berg then give us their latest operatic success entitled Master and Pupil. The Brothers La Moyné after this introduce their "comedy bar act *par excellence*," of which the comedy is poor but the athletic part affords one of the best turns of the evening.

After a breathing space which the orchestra does its best to fill up, the performance concludes with a "marvelous exhibition of Bag-Punching and Scientific Illustration of Boxing" introduced by the World's Conqueror, Bob Fitzsimmons, the absolute master. Fitzsimmons' peculiar, almost grotesque, build, with his long, lanky legs, wide, high shoulders and small head, is easily recognized from the numerous descriptions and pictures of him we have been deluged with since the affair at Carson City. While he doesn't impress one as being an exceedingly intellectual specimen, his immense muscular shoulders and general air of powerfulness cannot but inspire one with a certain degree of admiration whether he approve the art of fistfights or not. "Fitz" does some clever work with the bag, and spars three rather one-sided rounds with his sparring partner and winds up a first-class show of his kind.

At the Grand this week we have been allowed to see What Happened to Jones. I do not know how other people were impressed, but the playbill monopolized my attention, the names of the actors and actresses being so beautifully euphonious. A lady novelist could not possibly invent nicer names for her heroes and heroines than the names of the people who play in this company. Imagine a play dealing with a Jones, and the people presenting it going through the world with such carefully selected names as Mr. Howell Hansel, Mr. Harold Hartsell, Mr. Albert C. Deltwyn, Mr. Louis La Bey, Mr. Talbot Ince, Miss Beryl Hope and Miss Dickie Delaro. Some of the others are not so bad as Miss Clara Knott, Mr. Joseph Dailey, Mr. Stephen Wright, and Mr. J. B. Ritchie. These latter names are within the bounds of probability, but the first batch are too beautiful to be true. It might be argued that a man's name is his own business, but this is a superficial view; it is not his own business, because it were not for other people he would not require a name at all, and he is only compelled to have one for the convenience of other people. Therefore it is our business and not his. It is my business and not Mr. Harold Hansel's or Mr. Howell Hartsell's—and I am not going to submit to it. If a man goes on the stage and doesn't like his own name—which may be Tomkins—surely he might pick, from all the names used by our race, something neat and reasonable. But here is a whole company of people who wear names like the characters in a novel written by a hysterical lady novelist. There is one name in the cast that is all right—Mr. Sedley Brown. That is neat, appropriate, and remains in one's mind. But you no sooner see the name of Mr. Howard Handful than you forget it again. Jones is a good old name. Paul Jones, the daring sea captain, was not so daring as to win general remembrance had he worn one of those names which I have already referred to. Paul

Jones is a name that comes when called for, and What Happened to Jones is a more successful bit of fun than if it had happened to one of these others. People would be going around asking: "Is it any good—that piece What Happened to Somebody or Other?"

This is all the more regrettable because these actors and actresses who wear these crocheted and frilled names are very competent people and present the farce in a most pleasing way. They are artists worth remembering and recognizing again—some of them, at least. Those who have attended the Grand this week are greatly pleased with the piece.

Ever since Sir Henry Irving was made a guest by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco some years ago, he has abounded in graceful courtesies to that organization. Every member of the Bohemian Club is possessed of a neatly bound tablet, on which is engraved a free pass for life to Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum Theater in London. On the anniversary of the club he never fails to cable his greetings. On the recent occasion of the annual dinner the *reapprochement* now existing between the United States and Great Britain caused him to send this dispatch:

LONDON, May 21, 1898.
Bohemian Club, San Francisco: Love and greeting. We shall call together.

HENRY IRVING.

To which the Bohemian Club immediately responded:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 21, 1898.
Sir Henry Irving, Lyceum Theater, London, England: Stars and Stripes and Union Jack intertwined.

BOHEMIAN CLUB.

Manager Small of the Toronto Opera House announces the engagement of the Beryl Hope Stock Company for a summer season at his theater. The company has been playing this week at the Grand and has filled successful engagements in Montreal and Ottawa at a high scale of prices. During their stay at the Toronto twenty-five cents will be the highest price charged, while any seat in the house may be had at ten cents at matinees. Those who have seen the performance at the Grand this week will acknowledge that the company is a good one, and this sensational cut in prices should be taken advantage of. Their repertoire includes a large number of farces and first-class melodramas such as The Silver King, Humanity, and The Fatal Card. They will probably open with the piece now at the Grand, What Happened to Jones.

Having fine weather and the bicycle to buck against, the reproduction of the Mandarin at the Princess the first half of this week was not as well attended as other performances of the Cummings company have been. In Toronto there are hardly enough theatergoers who are sufficiently enthusiastic about comic opera or anything else to want to see it twice within a couple of weeks or so, to make it a paying venture to cater to them. The opera is as pretty as ever and about as well done as ever, but people have seen it, checked it off and put it on the shelf for the season. Erminie is running the last half of the week.

Comic opera at the Princess will probably be brought to a conclusion at the end of next week. When next season opens there will again be a Cummings Stock Company there playing comedy-dramas, but Ralph Cummings will not be at the head of it. Robert Cummings, the manager, will go to New York at once and engage his company for next season, and will be able to do much better than last year. In the opinion of many Robert is a better actor than Ralph, and he may play in his own company now and then.

George H. Broadhurst, who wrote What Happened to Jones, has just completed a comedy, with a dramatic interest, called The Last Chapter, and a farce entitled Why Smith Left Home. These will be presented next season by Broadhurst Brothers. The farce will be brought out first about September 1.

Francis Wilson is giving a notable revival of Erminie at the New York Casino. He will again don the rags of Caddy, and Pauline Hall will reappear in her original role of Erminie. Lulu Glaser will be the Javotte, and Henry E. Diley will be the gentlemanly scoundrel, Ravennus.

A one-act play by Victor Hugo, called The Grandmother, not yet used, will soon be performed at the Odeon in Paris. Marie Laurent, who studied the work with Hugo, will have the leading role.

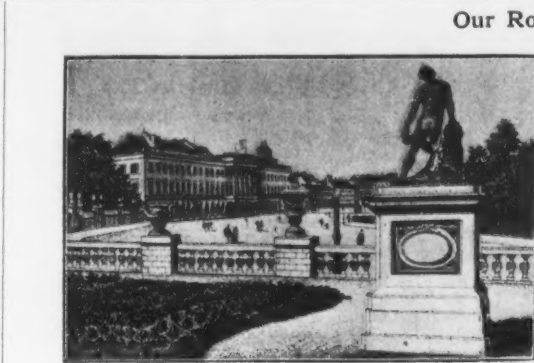
Cummings' Opera Company will wind up their season next week with a revival of Smith and De Koven's Rob Roy.

The Grand closes at the end of this week for the season.

"I understand they wouldn't have Joey in the regiment." "No. His heart beat so fast they decided he couldn't run a mile without collapsing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Fitz and Garrison



King's Palace, Brussels.

The visit of the young Prince of the Belgians to Toronto this week has aroused interest and curiosity, and his short stay was a disappointment to many who have been expecting to see him ever since the Military Tournament last month, which it was hoped he would attend. His Royal Highness is a smart young fellow, twenty-three years of age last April, and his *incognito* is Count de Retty. Five prominent Belgians compose his suite. Prince Albert is the heir apparent to the throne of Belgium, being the nearest male to the throne. King Leopold, his uncle, is still a hale old man, as gallant and pleasure-loving as a boy, dwelling in the winter season in his plain and unostentatious palace on the hill which Brussels, (like Hamilton), calls a mountain! and in summer at that ideal summer home in the park at Laeken. The Comte de Flandres, brother of King Leopold and father of the young man who was this week in Toronto, lives not far from the Royal abode in a big and ornamental palace, behind very handsome wrought-iron gates. A wife has not yet been found for the young Prince, and he must marry subject to the approval of the King and Parliament or forfeit the succession. In the little picture of the palace of King Leopold, fronting on the pretty Parc Royal, a statue of the slave drawing the thorn from his foot is prominently shown. When the young Prince of the Belgians steps into Uncle Leopold's shoes he will succeed to a charming vista from his parlor-windows—down the green glades of the park—blocked by the Grecian facade of the Chamber of Representatives at the other end.

Sporting Comment.



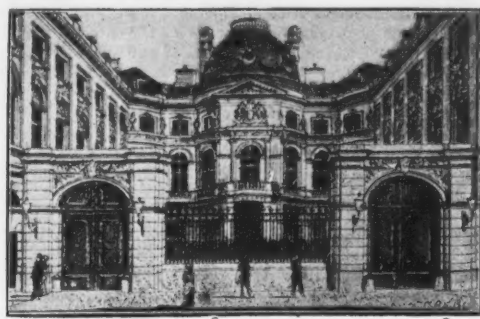
At one time there was a keen interest taken in the annual cricket match between Trinity and Varsity, but for three years the fixture has either not been played or has been so easily in Trinity's favor that it has possessed little interest. This year, however, the two clubs are more evenly matched, cricket having been revived at Varsity under good auspices, and the game to-day on Varsity lawn should prove a good one and draw quite a crowd of cricket-lovers. Trinity has the advantage to begin with, that her players have worked together longer and often than their opponents, and also that two men who have represented Canada in international matches will be on the team—W. H. Cooper, bowler, and W. E. Dean at the wickets. W. R. Wadsworth has been playing with Trinity, but he will scarcely be eligible for this match. In bowling, besides Mr. Cooper, the team has young Broughall and Campbell, both of whom bowl medium-pace, over-arm balls, good length and with some sharp twists. However, it is my opinion that aside from Mr. Cooper at his best the Varsity bowling is really somewhat better than any Trinity will have. In Waldie and Anderson, Varsity has two good bowlers, and in Howett and Cameron she has two others almost as good. Young Waldie should soon rank as one of the best bowlers in Toronto, for he sends along quick, energetic balls that vary considerably in their purpose. Anderson's bowling is very deceptive and batsmen are inclined to think that there is absolutely nothing in it and no reason why every ball should not be hit to the ropes—but they learn, at some cost, that a ball sent down by this bowler has a tendency to twist up into the air. Waldie and Anderson will probably do most of the trundling for Varsity, with Cooper and Broughall for Trinity, with Howett and Campbell as change bowlers on the respective sides. Mackenzie, formerly of Bishop Ridley College, and several other Varsity men bat so well that the result of the game is doubtful.

The Ottawa Cricket Club proved that it possesses much of its former strength in its recent game with Montreal. The match was played on the Rideau Hall grounds and resulted in a victory for Ottawa by 83 to 60, it being but a single innings match. The only bat to come off for Montreal was R. Gilbert, who made 32. For Ottawa, M. G. Bristowe made 22, H. B. McGivern 17, W. Little 10, B. T. A. Bell 10, and Hutchison 10. For Montreal, C. Crookall took 4 wickets for 31 runs, and R. Gilbert 6 for 45. For Ottawa, H. B. McGivern took 7 wickets for 25 runs, and M. G. Bristowe, 2 for 34. This game opened the season for these clubs, and it is gratifying to note that nearly all the leading players are again in the field.

In the Eastern League it is interesting to note that the Toronto Club, during the past week or two, has won in Toronto, been beaten by Montreal in Montreal, and by Buffalo in Buffalo. But it really doesn't matter so long as the crowds all over the circuit see the very fastest and finest kind of ball, and have the additional pleasure of seeing their own teams win.

There are those who think that it is a mistake on the part of the Big Lacrosse League to allow so important a holiday as the Queen's Birthday to go by without a league match—that is to say, it is considered a mistake in so far as Toronto is concerned, because here there are so very many rival claims on those who patronize sport. If the great crowds can find amusement on May 24 without a league lacrosse match, they may do so also on July 1 or on any other day. May 24 is the first, and therefore the chief holiday of the whole summer—no other day is quite so heartily enjoyed, and if the lacrosse season began in real earnest on that day people would get interested for the season. As it is, the Big League comes out only as a midsummer amusement, and people have to be lured away from twenty other kinds of sport to which they perforce, have had to turn. It is hard, of course, to get a lacrosse team into good shape by May 24,

Our Royal Visitor.



Palais de Comte de Flandres.

and often the weather on that day is not suited to the game. Yet I think there is some force in the point raised. Lacrosse is our national game, and it is a muscle-tester and courage-maker. We should nurture it, for it is our own, and it is worthy of this new and vigorous country. The Toronto team this year should be able to hold its own against all comers, and the city should be able to turn out to a match without being made to feel ashamed for the frailty of its athletes.

The announcement made the other day by ex-champion oarsman Alderman Hanlan to the members of Dan Goffrey's band that he purposed eventually taking a crew of amateur oarsmen to England to compete at the Henley regatta, is an item of news which the people of Toronto will receive with satisfaction. There is no reason why Toronto should not put four men into a boat who, if they did not do credit to the Dominion. The Winnipeg four were treated in right loyal fashion across the Atlantic last summer, and the sporting alderman's crew may rely upon an equally enthusiastic reception at the hands of the London oarsmen.

Bicycle-skating contests bid fair to become a standing attraction at the Old Country bicycle meetings. Some very exciting races were introduced a week or so ago at the Catford Bridge great track. Here in Canada a bicycle-skate contest would prove both a novelty and interesting, and I should like to see the Toronto Club introduce one at their forthcoming meet on the Island Track.

Several interesting cricket matches were played in Toronto last Saturday afternoon, but small scores were the order of the day. Parkdale defeated Varsity; Upper Canada College fell victims to Wellington; St. Cyprian's scored a victory over St. Simon's; Gordon, McKay's best St. Alban's second eleven. Trinity University sent an eleven to Port Hope and defeated Trinity College school, and a team representing Trinity College went to Hamilton and came back losers. On Tuesday, Toronto-Rosedale and Varsity tried conclusions, and the combination team won; scores, Toronto-Rosedale 141, Varsity 76.

Some Race Notes.

THE Ontario Jockey Club meeting is over and Joseph Seagram has won the Queen's Plate for the eighth consecutive time. The only horse in the race that in any way classed with Bon Ino was Mr. Dymont's mare Maritana, and she undoubtedly would have finished second had she lain in wait for Seagram's other horse Dalmoor. The race had its peculiar features, which were, perhaps, not noticed by many of the spectators. Williams had the mount on Bon Ino; James rode Maritana and McGlone was on Dalmoor. Both Williams and McGlone are jockeys who have had much experience and they did their work skillfully. Bon Ino led to the half-mile pole with her ears pricking and with plenty of speed in reserve, but after looking at

Williams one would think that he was badly frightened and expected Maritana to nip him at any moment. That was a ruse, however, which, by the way, was first introduced by the famous Hamilton. It worked successfully with James, however, and he raced after Bon Ino only to have his horse beaten both by her and by Dalmoor, which, under McGlone's fine riding, won the place position by a neck. Had James been content to let Bon Ino go ahead and win he could have beaten Dalmoor easily.

Mr. Steele of Kentucky is one of the foreign horsemen who will take away some good Canadian money. His horse, Horace, won impressively with the comfortable odds of six to one against him, and had not Lanky Bob gone lame, he would have had a royal chance in the Toronto Cup. Mr. Steele has a two-year-old colt which will start at the Hamilton meeting. When he starts he will win.

With only one or two exceptions last week's races were run true to form. One suspicious-looking event was that between Nabob and Bon Ino on Saturday. The Bennington & Gardiner horse was decorated profusely with stable colors, and this was taken by the gullible public as an evidence that he was out to win. The race did not prove this. For six furlongs he was fighting for his head and was not driven out until he was a hopeless distance behind Bon Ino in the stretch.

In the jumping race King Joseph was said to be wrong in front, and Mr. Hayes told his friends that on this account he was afraid to spur him on to the stiff jumps at Woodbine.

There was an amusing feature in the two-year-old race on Friday, when Ree Mitchell beat the Seagram colt, Prince Plausible. This latter youngster had never started in a race and had never seen a crowd of people, having been exercised on the quiet track at Little York. He showed a fine burst of speed and was winning easily, when the contingent of speculators, who always bet on the Seagram stable, set up a mighty roar. The unearthly noise attracted the attention of Prince Plausible and he stopped to look at the swaying crowd of people on the lawn. That falter cost him the race, for before McGlone could get him going again Ree Mitchell came along on the outer rail and won.

McGlone, whose portrait appears in this issue, is without doubt the most popular jockey who ever visited Canada. He formerly rode for Charles Boyle, now the trainer of the Seagram string, and this year rode Dalmoor second in the Queen's Plate. His record at Woodbine was exceptionally good, he having won four firsts and four seconds.

Mr. Steele of Kentucky was very much in love with the display of beauty and fashion in the members' stand, and his opinion was endorsed by nearly every other horseman from the United States who visited the meeting. Mr. Steele is a Simon pure turfman and uses the language of the rail-birds.

"If I were not an old selling plater," said he to me on Saturday, "and well accustomed to race-tracks, some of these youngsters would make me run out."

Mr. Steele does not regret his visit to

Toronto. He is about \$4,000 to the good and will probably increase his bank-roll at the Hamilton meeting. JOHN F. RYAN.

Love's Victory.

"DUST you go Gerald?" said the young woman with tremulous lips.

"I must, darling," answered Gerald Pankey, straining her to his heart again. "The voice of my country calls. I obey."

"Oh, Gerald! It will break my heart!" "No," said the young man, after some reflection, "it will not. I shall write to you every day, you know."

A mournful silence fell upon them, and she listened mechanically to the ticking of his watch, directly beneath her ear. Even as she listened, however, a sound from a distance broke faintly upon the other ear.

It was the crowing of a cock.

The youth roused himself. "Claribel," he said, "I did not know it was so late. It is time for me to leave you. I must snatch a few hours of sleep ere I take my departure to participate in the deadly conflict whose issue, while it cannot be a matter of uncertainty so far as the final triumph of American arms is concerned, is yet so fraught with peril to the individual, who becomes a mere unit in the conquering army, and loses thereby his identity, as it were—"

"Oh, Gerald, I don't like to hear you talk that way! I cannot endure it!" "I find it something of an effort myself," admitted the young militiaman. "I will harrow up your feelings no longer. Claribel, dearest, good-by!"

How slowly the days, with their weary burden of waiting and of suffering, dragged themselves into the past!

True to his promise, Gerald Pankey wrote to Claribel Nickelshurst daily—for three days.

Then a day passed without a letter. On the evening of the fifth day there was a ring at the door-bell of the Nickelshurst dwelling.

Filled with dread, and anticipating a telegram conveying the news that something terrible had happened to her absent lover, Claribel answered the bell herself.

"Gerald!"

"Claribel!"

When the violence of their emotions had exhausted itself, and they sat, hand in hand, in the dimly lighted parlor, she said:

"It was too hard to stay away from me, was it, love? And you got a leave of absence for a day, so you could come and see me once more, did you?"

And she smoothed the hair away from his forehead, and looked into his eyes with a yearning fondness that had something almost motherly in it.

"It isn't that, dearest," he answered. "The surgeons rejected me."

"Rejected you!" she exclaimed, in a voice in which indignation, surprise and joy seemed to struggle for the mastery.

"What for?"

"Because I smoke these things, darling!" he replied.

Hereupon Gerald took from an inner pocket a small, oblong, pasteboard box, extracted something therefrom, lit it, and proceeded to fill the room with that peccant, morbid, utterly insupportable and wholly indescribable stench that accompanies the burning of a coffin-nail.—E.R.

A Story of Wounded Pride.

Chicago Post.

IT was evident when the man rapped at the door of the backwoods cabin that he felt that he had a grievance. "Somethin' wrong, stranger?" enquired the man who came in answer to his knock, noticing his excited condition.

"Wrong!" exclaimed the stranger. "Wrong! Well, I should think there was. I met a boy about half a mile up the road that I think belongs to you."

"Long, gawky boy with a coon-skin cap?" asked the man in the cabin.

"That's the one," returned the stranger. "He had a gun and was evidently out after squirrels."

"Big, old-fashioned, muzzle-loading gun?" suggested the native.

"Yes; a big gun about half a foot longer than he is," answered the stranger. "I didn't stop to see whether it was a muzzle-loader or not, but I guess it was. It didn't look new enough for anything else."

"That was like all right enough," said the native. "What'd ye want of him?"

"I want him thrashed," replied the stranger, with emphasis. "I want him thrashed good and hard, so that he'll have a little sense."

"That's takin' a purty big contract, stranger," said the native doubtfully. "He's a right lively boy, an' there ain't anyone in these parts has licked him yet, except his dad, which is me."

"Well, you're the one that I want to thrash him."

"Oh, that's differ'n't. I thought mebbe you was goin' to try it yourself. I don't mind lickin' him when it's needful, just so's to keep him in line an' teach him that the ol' man is some considerable yet. What's he been doin'?"

"He shot at me as I came along the road," replied the stranger.

"Sure about that?" asked the native doubtfully.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. He yelled out that I'd scared a squirrel he was after, and he was going to wing me just to teach me to keep out of the way. Then he took deliberate aim and fired."

"An' you're here to kick about it?" exclaimed the native. "Well, don't you worry no more about that boy, stranger. I'll tan him good and plenty, and don't you forget it. Aimed at you deliberate an' never hit you, did he? Why, shootin' like that'll disgrace the hull family. Glad you spoke of it, stranger. If you hear any yellin' as you go down the road you kin know I'm teachin' that boy of mine that he can't ruin the reputation of two generations without havin' to suffer for it."



"Nurse! Nurse! Bobby's out of bed, and running about in his bananas!"

Trifels.

The Castle where Cœur de Leon was Imprisoned.—Interesting Article by a Canadian Student in Germany.

EVERYONE knows the German castles—those guests who have outstayed their time and who still linger on the sunny slopes of the Rhine, the Neckar and the Danube. Called into existence by that sternest of all human necessities, the preservation of life, they have taken on in their building a likeness to the spirit of their age. They have the rough vigor combined with a picturesqueness which was typical of the medieval mind. Today, bathed in the spring sunshine, rising out of the well tended vineyard, and holding their battlements in sharp contrast to the sky, they are in keeping with the modern landscape. We must remember that they also harmonized with a different scene; with rugged forest backgrounds, and with roads where none could travel save on horseback with lines of armored troops with jangling swords and flashing steel. They are the tangible link between the Germany of the past and the Germany of the present—a link between two different worlds. Men speak of the Sphinx, and how she has sat gazing with stony eyes at the ever-changing world; yet these castles, children of a day compared with her, have been in the midst of great movements and have had men, swayed by the passions of mighty events, within their walls. They have felt the partisan fury of religious and civil war, and have tinted history red with the light of their conflagrations, while the Sphinx has gazed in quietude over the never-changing desert. They are to be considered, not prosaically, but with an unbridled imagination. Let us think of the days when we sat reading Scott until the twilight blotted the type and the tea-bell called us reluctantly away. Let us remember how breathlessly we followed the crusading Richard, and how we lived with him and his companions. We will remember that we, too, have been crusaders, that we have been one of that numberless army which Scott has led over England and far away to the Holy Land. Let us clothe our imaginations again in their old and forgotten garments, and then travel far away into Germany and into the Haardt Mountains.

Here is Trifels, the lonely castle where our Richard the Lion-Hearted was in captivity. In the Talmisman we remember how the hot-headed King trampled on the banner of Conrad of Bavaria. The Duke never forgot the insult, and as Richard was returning almost alone from the Holy Land he was seized and hurried away to this lonely spot. It was from here that he came when he burst in on our youthful fancy as the unknown black knight in Ivanhoe.

Through the Haardt Mountains ran the uncertain boundary lines between many kingdoms and duchies, and consequently innumerable strongholds were called into existence. Nature, too, has never been in a happier mood for feudal institutions than here. The mountains, instead of undulating gradually, rise from narrow ravines in great conical masses from whose clothing of forest the rock protrudes naked and jagged.

It is a positive mental exertion for us to call up the past and her inhabitants; the very deeds we acted a year ago seem unreal as we look back on them, and our ancestors are shadows we can hardly grasp. Yet here in this wonderful country Time seems to reel back his spindle for us and bring us closer to the past. It is easy to forget the nineteenth century as we stand on a summit and feel ourselves in the company of those quiet forests and ruin crested hills. The very pine-laden air seems to stimulate our feelings.

In such a land is Trifels. Apart from its historic interest it is a castle of wonderfully romantic beauty. It fills in every way our youthful idea of a feudal stronghold. A steep conical hill, a thousand feet high, rises from a narrow ravine. At its summit a spur of rock projects from the forest and on this rock are the crude works of the castle. A large square tower and a few walls were all the help Nature needed to make a place absolutely impregnable. The castle court is roughly triangular. On two sides of this triangle is an overhanging precipice which at the apex makes a sheer drop of over two hundred feet. Standing here in this wonderful courtyard one is fairly overwhelmed by the past. How many fortunes have gone crashing down those cruel crags! Fancy fighting in that narrow space with overwhelming odds in front and nothingness behind! It was here that Richard, absolutely unarmed, had to fight the two savage mastiffs. We can hear just one brute and then the other howl with terror as the prisoner hurled them into space. It was here that old Frederick Barbarossa held his councils, and it was here that a thousand dramatic scenes, unrecorded by history, have taken place. Cœur de Leon's cell overlooks the precipice, and we can look through the narrow window out over the beautiful scene he must have looked at so often and hated so heartily. How the restless man must have pined in that narrow place, and how his heart must have jumped when he heard Blondel's song beneath his window!

Gaily the troubadour twanged his guitar. And how his voice must have choked when he took up the strain:

As he was coming from the war. The castle itself is very simple, as it is older than the graceful, many-turreted Renaissance style we see so often on the Rhine and Neckar. It was in such dark and gloomy strongholds as Trifels that our Middle-Ages heroes lived. We like to put them into castles full of airy towers and full of sombre corridors, lined with arras and dark with polished oak; but alas for the truth! We would die of the cold, the smoke and the turmoil in Frederick Barbarossa's great hall at Trifels, where the whole garri-son, wandering friars, beggars, minstrels,

"landsnechte," and the very dogs were equally welcome and equally noisy. Yet the castle is not without a rough beauty of its own. As it is impossible to look without interest on a rugged face which has seen and felt many things, so the old walls clothe themselves with a peculiar beauty. They are a part of the landscape. Chameleon-like the stonework has blended itself with the surrounding nature, so that the once sharp angles and uncompromising lines have a certain softness.

The view from the rock is one never to be forgotten. As evening approaches and the light becomes diffused and mellow, the neighboring mountains take on a wonderful purple. The low-lying clouds drag over the peaks and show through

cried Maggie with delight, and both girls glowed with expectation, while the mother's face brightened quickly. "Well, get out in the yard, girls; and mind let him surprise you. I'll skin you alive if you don't mind yourselves." The two girls rushed quickly into the yard and began raking up the stones and chips, while Mrs. Egan made a big show of scouring a pan in the kitchen. And presently around the corner came a little hard-faced man carrying several bundles in his arms, and trying to put a great deal of dignity into his gait. "Good evening," said he to one neighbor in a voice that could scarcely be heard, and to the next in a voice that could be heard the whole length of the street. As he

noons was over," said Tom at last, for he tried to tell his wife that he got no half-holiday, although she knew it quite well. "I'd like to get a bit of fresh air." This was bad, for it might be followed by his going out again after supper. "Couldn't you take Mary out to-morrow somewhere?" "Oh do, dad—won't you?" "We'll see—don't bother me now. Bring out that rocker and I'll have a smoke." Maggie quickly put the rocker out in the back yard, not the front, where the street might tempt the father, and here for an hour, with an art beyond their years, the children played to his changing humors until at last he falls asleep in his chair, and then they steal softly into the house and exchange congratulatory glances with the mother. It has been a victory. The balance, the half, the four or five dollars still unspent of Tom Egan's wages, will next morning be handed over to Mrs. Egan to be spent on the needs of the home. MACK.

He Wooed One Too Many.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:
SIR PAUL WINSOME, BART., M.P.,
Age twenty-one
STEPHEN FLEURY, Barrister,
Age thirty-five

SCENE.—The Hero Club, Piccadilly.
PAUL.—I've gone and done it!
STEPHEN.—Done what, old fellow?
PAUL.—Made a stupendous ass of myself.
STEPHEN.—Very natural for one of your temperament, but it's the fate of all Parliamentary ambition. I suppose you told the plain truth to your constituents?
PAUL.—It's not that at all; the fact is—
STEPHEN.—You've fogged them, now you're on your way to greatness. I congratulate you.
PAUL.—My dear fellow, don't fling my patriotism in my face; I really can't stand it. [He lights a cigarette.] But I've made an ass of myself in quite another direction.
STEPHEN.—Yes, there are other ways. I suppose it's a petticoat?
PAUL.—My dear boy, your acumen is quite refreshing. The truth is, I've got into an entanglement with—
STEPHEN.—With a lovely, penniless girl, and you want me to condole with you. I do so heartily!
PAUL.—Yes, that's just about half of it.
STEPHEN.—Half of it? I say, Paul, have the debates in the House affected your mind? [Scrutinizes him.] Yes; now I look at you, you don't seem quite yourself.
PAUL.—I don't think I am. You see, it occurred in this way. You've heard me speak of Amy Trevors?
STEPHEN.—[His thought]—The girl I'm spoony on; I hope he's not been proposing to her. [Aloud.] You may have casually mentioned her.
PAUL.—Such a dot of a girl, a little primitive and shy, you know, with nice, almond-shaped eyes. Don't you like almond-shaped eyes?
STEPHEN.—[His thought]—What business had he to admire them? [Aloud.] Immensely!
PAUL.—Well, you see, it was at a picnic, and I found myself alone with her, and we both admired the same scenery at the same time. Wasn't it odd?
STEPHEN.—Not at all; there's no accounting for the effects of scenery on some natures.
PAUL.—Well, when I could not admire the scenery any longer—it was getting dark—I admired her, and somehow she grew irresistible in a moment. Can you grasp the idea?
STEPHEN.—[somewhat sharply]—Go on. I suppose you proposed to her?
PAUL.—Yes, and she accepted me. Isn't it serious?
STEPHEN.—Of course, marriage isn't a joke; but you must consider your position, and bear it like a man. [His thought.] What a fool she was to accept him when she might have had me!
PAUL.—I've not quite explained my position.
STEPHEN.—I know all about it; I can imagine details.
PAUL.—No, you can't, old chap. About a week after this unexpected affair—I was at a dance, and I waltzed a good many times with such a dear creature—with eyes as blue as—
STEPHEN.—As the Yellow Book.
PAUL.—And I took her in to supper, and the Pommy was excellent, and afterward, as I danced with her, I seemed to be floating in a vision. Do you follow me?
STEPHEN.—Not quite, but I'll try.
PAUL.—But the sweetness, and the romance, and all that—
STEPHEN.—The Pommy?
PAUL.—All seemed to surround me with—Paradise, and I forgot all about the other one, and I proposed to Daisy—nice, innocent name Daisy, isn't it?
STEPHEN.—Gracious Heavens! You didn't mean it!
PAUL.—It's a miserable fact—I did it.
STEPHEN.—And what did she say?
PAUL.—She said "Yes" like a—I mean, in the musical accents of a bird.
STEPHEN.—Anything else?
PAUL.—I don't remember anything else.
STEPHEN.—Well, what's your next step?
PAUL.—My next step? That's what I want to know myself.
STEPHEN.—But where do I come in? What do you want me to do?
PAUL.—[in a distressed voice]—My dear boy, do help me out of this mess. You're not an M. P. Your intellect is lucidly legal. I'm an engaged bigamist. What will my constituents say? How can I face the Speaker with a guilty conscience? Do think of something.
STEPHEN.—[lights a cigarette and paces the room. His thought]—I must help the young fool for his sake and my own; Amy must not be his wife. [Aloud.] I have it; I'll see you through it.
PAUL.—[shaking STEPHEN'S hand affectionately]—Thanks, old chap.
STEPHEN.—Sit down and write.
PAUL.—Writing letters is a bore.
STEPHEN.—Write at my dictation.
PAUL.—All right. [He takes some note-paper and a pen.]
STEPHEN.—My dear Miss Trevors—



Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

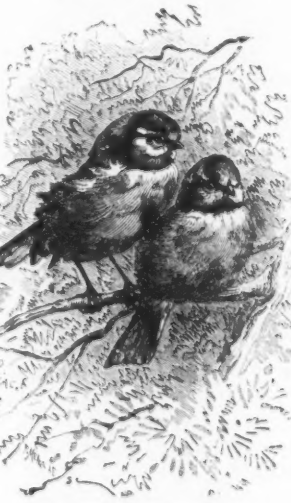
This photograph, kindly loaned us by a Toronto gentleman, was taken at Spital Old Hall, Liverpool, on Nov. 24, 1891, and is characteristic of Mrs. Gladstone's meek and assiduous devotion to her husband. Mr. James Tompkinson and Mr. Edward Evans, jr., are the other figures in the picture.

PAUL.—Hang it! That's so formal. Can't I say "Dear," or "Dearest Amy?"
STEPHEN.—Don't be a fool! Write as I dictate: "I have some deplorable news to tell you which I hope won't shock you. My dear uncle, who promised to make me his heir, died unexpectedly last week, and, to my astonishment, he left all his wealth to his cousin. I am, therefore, disinherited—penniless. I do not fear penury alone, but I should be a churl to ask you to share my privations and discomforts. You deserve a happier fate than this. Let me hope that a worthier man than I am will be able to make you happy."
PAUL.—I say, old chap, isn't this somewhat too strong?
STEPHEN.—Not at all. Now write in a similar strain to the other one.
PAUL.—But isn't all this a bit caddish?
STEPHEN.—Men who get themselves in a terrible fix mustn't stick at trifles to get out of it. Those girls, doubtless, are partial to your appearance and position, and also to your presumed wealth. There's a good deal of self-interest in human nature. Poverty is not poetical. Your notes will disillusionize these girls, who will thank you and free you. [His thought.] And I shall be able to marry Amy, after all. [Aloud.] The day after to-morrow I will see you here and hear the result. Au revoir.
[Exit STEPHEN.]
The same scene. Two days later. PAUL leaning in an arm-chair looking up to the ceiling with a note in each hand. Enter STEPHEN.
STEPHEN.—Well, old man, what's the news?
PAUL.—A note from each of them.
STEPHEN.—Just as I expected. [His thought.] He's been dismissed.
PAUL.—They're positively angels, these girls.
STEPHEN.—To give you up?
PAUL.—To give me up! Why, they write, in the most endearing fashion, that my poverty will only strengthen their everlasting—for one said everlasting and the other eternal—devotion for me, and that poverty with me is certain to prove a blessing in disguise. It's very distressing, but very beautiful.
STEPHEN.—Most extraordinary! Weak intellects. But what will you do now?
PAUL.—Do? Resign my seat in Parliament—go to Uganda, study black arts and teach the natives European morals.—[Isidore G. Ascher in the Sketch.]

The Kentucky Colonel.

Hosten Journal.

"No woman," said the somewhat acrid lady, "should marry until she is sure the man who asks her to do so really loves her. And," she proceeded gloomily, "it is very hard to be sure of that."
"Perhaps so," replied the Kentucky lady. "But I was absolutely sure before I married."
"I don't see how you could be. It so often happens that people do not know their own minds."
"There was no room for doubt in this case. We were out sleigh-riding the evening the Colonel proposed to me. I had refused him several times before and I told him that I would always esteem him as a friend. We heard the jingle of bells behind us. The Colonel's horse, a thoroughbred of which he was very proud, quickened its pace at the sound. The Colonel looked around and exclaimed: 'Here's the chance I've been waiting for. That's Judge Peabody behind us. He has been bragging about that new horse of his for the last six weeks, but whenever I tried to get him right down to a race he has dodged out of it somehow without acknowledging that this horse could beat him.'"
"The Colonel slowed up so as to let the Judge overtake him. The Judge didn't dare refuse the challenge, because he had a girl with him. He would not allow himself to be humiliated in her eyes. As soon as the two sleighs were even, the Colonel gave our horse a cut with the whip and away we went, the animals with necks eagerly extended and the people leaning over the dashboards trying to help him along. For a few seconds the horses' feet thumped on the road in perfect rhythm; then we began to move ahead. The village was about a mile distant, and the Colonel leaned out, turned, and shouted: 'Judge, I'll see ye at the Post-office.'"
"The Judge gave his horse a blow with the whip, but he was already using all the speed he had. I turned around, half out of the sleigh, to keep a lookout. The sleigh struck a boulder and pitched me out into a snowdrift. I was not hurt, and I gave thanks when I saw the sleigh was not wholly overturned and was speeding on its way to the Post-office, still several lengths ahead of the Judge. Imagine my astonishment when I saw the Colonel slow up, let the Judge pass him and turn around."
"He was coming back after you," suggested one of the hearers.
"That's exactly what he was doing. And I concluded then and there that when a Kentucky gentleman was willing to lose a horse race for my sake there wasn't any excuse for doubting his affection."



The War on the Indian Frontier.

ERNEST YOUNG, a member of "B" Co., 2nd King's Own, on service in India, wrote a letter from Camp Mamau to a friend in Michigan recently, and it was published in the Petoskey Record. We reprint part of it as showing the hardships of the Indian campaign. "I had just begun to get settled down for a few months, as I thought, when a war broke out on the frontier of India. After a lot of terrible marching, during which we marched one day for over twenty miles under a burning Indian sun without a drop of water, (and marching in this country is far different to marching at home), we arrived at our first scene of action October 14, after having marched over two hundred and fifty miles in a country where white man had never set



The Castle of Trifels, Where Richard Cœur de Leon was held prisoner.

their rents the lurid reflection of the sunset. The valleys lie indistinct through the veil of mist, and from below rise the noise of the villages and the far-off barking of a dog. This is peace.

The philosophers would have it that everything in the world eventually balances, that misfortune brings luck in its train as surely as fortune brings disaster. Fancy the scenes of turmoil and confusion that have passed over that old castle's head before she could clothe herself in such quietude!

As one stops before turning a bend in the valley and casts a farewell look at the old tower, now darkly outlined against a last silver streak between the storm-clouds, it strikes one very forcibly how full the world is of interest if we will but look for it.

WILLIAM FAIRCHILD.
Heidelberg, May, '98.

The Homecoming of Tom Egan.

MRS. EGAN sat in her front doorway, the sleeves of her print dress rolled up on her red arms, looking now east and now west to the corners of the street. On the corner to the east little Maggie, with her hands clasped about a dead young shade-tree, was swinging around amusing herself whilst keeping watch up and down. On the corner to the west tiny Mary sat on the edge of the sidewalk, sweeping the street up and down with her keen little eyes. The mother, on the doorstep, watched these, her sentries, with increasing eagerness, for it was nearly eight o'clock Saturday evening and Tom Egan was not home yet, although his week's work ended at noon and he then drew his pay. He usually spent the afternoon with some cronies, wasted half of his money in drink, and arrived home between 6 and 8 o'clock, sometimes in high good humor and sometimes in very bad temper.

Since 5.30 o'clock the children had been on their respective corners to warn their mother of their father's approach, and when little Maggie quickly jumped away from her tree and began running towards the house, little Mary was a move on the instant, and Mrs. Egan as well. Maggie ran a tip-toe as though her father might hear her foot-falls and know that he had been watched.

"How near is he?" asked the mother.
"Away down—just saw him come round the far corner."
"Alone?"
"Yep."
"Got anything?"
"Yep. Whole bundles—both arms full. Jiminy! I'll bet he's got good things."



Louise.—I've fixed Kitty so she will answer my letter at once.
Belle.—What did you do?
Louise.—I wrote her a lot of gossip, and forgot to send the middle pages.

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Werra, July 2; Kaiser Wm, II, July 9.

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Anecdotal.

After Rev. Mr. Charlesworth left the
Congregationalists and joined the Baptists,
someone said to him, in Spurgeon's
hearing, "So you have changed your
views, Mr. Charlesworth?" "Oh, no,"
said Spurgeon, "he has not—he has only
cleaned his windows!"

In court one day, ere Sir Charles Rus-
sell had been elevated to the Chief Jus-
ticeship, another barrister, leaning across
the benches during the hearing of a trial
for bigamy, whispered, "Russell, what's
the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two
mothers-in-law," replied Russell.

One of the late James Payn's stories
concerned a dean, famous as a gourmet,
who in his dinings out was, of course,
asked to say grace. The worthy dignitary
first scanned the menu. If it was an ordi-
nary repast, the grace began, "Lord, we
thank Thee," "but," added Payn, "if
there was turtle-soup, the invocation com-
menced, 'Bountiful Creator!'"

Louis XV. once sent to Caffarelli, the
tenor, a purse containing one hundred
gold pieces and a valuable, but very plain,
snuff-box. "I have fifty snuff-boxes," cried
the singer, "and the poorest is better than
this one. I should not mind if the king's
portrait were on it." "Monsieur," replied
the sovereign's envoy, "the king only
gives his portrait to ambassadors." "Very
well, then," retorted Caffarelli, "let the
king make the ambassadors sing."

Lord Burton, the brewing magnate, in-
vited Whistler to visit his country house.
Before they descended to dinner, the host
led the distinguished guest to his picture
gallery. Whistler followed, but his host
could not get a word of criticism out of
him. At last Lord Burton exclaimed, "Well,
at least you must admit that it is a
tolerable collection." "Tolerable? Yes,"

allowed Whistler, with a meaning smile,
adding, "but what would you think of a
tolerable egg?"

A clever repartee was that of Lord Mel-
bourne to Mr. Black, who was the editor
of the *Morning Chronicle*. Lord Mel-
bourne was Prime Minister, and he and
his Government were constantly and
severely attacked in the *Chronicle*. One
day Lord Melbourne and Mr. Black met in
the Strand, when each enquired after the
other's health. Mr. Black complained that
he was suffering from a bad cold. "Ah,
Mr. Black," said Lord Melbourne, "you
have been lying on damp sheets!"

Mr. Gladstone used to tell a story of one
occasion when Lord Melbourne went to a
church to hear a sermon by an ambitious
preacher. Driving from the church his
host was anxious to know what Melbourne
thought of this rising divine. "Not a bad
sermon," was the response, "but too per-
sonal. He will have to cure that habit of
bringing religion home to individuals. Now
I'm just as religious as any man has a
right to be, but I can't stand religion
when it intrudes into the domain of private
life!"

Judge Joachimsmen tells of having ap-
pointed counsel to defend an Irishman
who had been frequently convicted in his
court. The lawyer challenged several of
the jury, who, his client said, had a pre-
judice against him. "Are there any more
jurymen who have a prejudice against
you?" whispered his counsel. "No, sir—
the jury's awl right; but O! what you
to challenge the judge. I've been
convicted under him several times already,
and lo! he's beginnin' to have a pre-
judice against me."

At the time when the late D'Alton
McCarthy was "making things warm" in
the House of Commons, a member paused
in his speech to tell a story about a con-
versation between a French-Canadian and
an Irish-Canadian. The Frenchman told
the Irishman that the result of Mr. Mc-
Carthy's agitation would be to banish the
Roman Catholic religion, and that, more
than all things, McCarthy hated an Irish
Roman Catholic. "Never mind," retorted
the Irishman. "He may wipe out the
Church, but when he gets through, you
Frenchmen will have to be talkin' be
signs."

Thoughts on the Art of Being
Disliked

And on the Tragic Aspect of Conceit.

It seems sometimes as if persons en-
joyed arousing the animosity and
distaste of their acquaintances. The
ready satire that bites and burns;
the taste for scandal that tempts
imagination to supply a whole chain of
missing links; the obstinacy that prefers
to go its own way over all the blooming
flower-beds of friendship, and the prying
obtuseness that does not perceive the
signs which are set here and there on our
soul-meadows. "Keep off the grass!"
really seem to like the atmosphere of re-
pulsion they create. Then, again, there
are persons who are disliked, they them-
selves pitifully declare they don't know
why. They never seem to get on with
people. A friend befriends them, likes
them, when lo! a change. The friend
turns aside, and the befriended sets up a
bleat of non-comprehension, what has
happened? Perhaps an unfortunately
blunt remark, a personal rudeness, a care-
less question or an unwelcome expression
of opinion has changed the trusting and
helpful friend into the person who dis-
likes you. There are limits to the
patience of Job's friends, if not of Job.
Perhaps some small insincerity, dis-
honesty or duplicity has shocked a sensi-
tive soul beyond recall. We have not all
the same standard; what horrifies me may
be passed over philosophically by you;
what you will never pardon may through
better comprehension of some peculiar
nature be forgiven and mourned over in
silence by some more advanced spirituality.
It is sometimes a curious study to watch
the growth of a popular dislike. Like a
fungus, it grows in the silent, dark places
of life; one after another takes the impulse
of criticism, condemnation, and dislike.
You cannot graft it on a strong nature; it
grows quickly and almost violently on a
weak one. When the strong nature dis-
likes a thing, all the weaker ones about
fall into line. When two strong natures
clash there is a party fight. So great
questions are kept alive, each leader dis-
liking with all his might the opinions of
his antagonist, gibing at his method, tear-
ing his policy to rags.

In social life the first symptoms of a
growing dislike show on the nerves—a
frown at the mention of a name, then an
impatient word, then ominous silence and
looks far more eloquent than words. Pre-
sumption is a sure forerunner of being
disliked; loquacity is ruinous in many
quarters; curiosity slays its thousands;
the critical attitude has its victims; and
the sneering lip may as well learn to say,
"Everyone dislikes me, even if they are
afraid to say so." There comes to such a
time when they are *de trop* in any com-
pany, and have only themselves to blame
for it. A person who is sure to be what
an English schoolboy calls "jolly well
hated" is the Slyboots who smiles and
carries tittle-tattle of what you said of me
and I of you. It is sometimes best even
not to risk repeating a compliment, so
very elusive is expression and so apt to be
misunderstood. Another well disliked
individual is the one who retails to you all
the troubles he or she suffers—horrible
plaints of neglect, anxiety, illness and
a general wretchedness. While there is no
greater complaint than the special con-
fidence of a friend, under strenuous pres-
sure of unkindly fate, there is nothing
more vulgar, more demoralizing, than the
diffusing of such information. Unlike
the quality of mercy, it *excesses* "him who
gives and him who takes."

Unless one is thoroughly posted on the
case in question, it is considerable of a
facer to be asked, as I was the other
evening, "Do you think I am conceited?"

One gets hardened when young ladies
with uncertain lines of will and un-
decided final strokes propound grapho-
logical queries of this description, but to
be confronted with the question point-
blank was somewhat embarrassing, espe-
cially as the off-hand answer was "Yes."
Off-hand answers are given to save oneself
trouble and are, to the non-analytical
mind, sufficient. One does not give them
when one is very well posted; the tempta-
tion to show what one knows is too strong.
And so we analyzed the particular case in
question, finding that what struck the
hasty observer as conceit could not properly
be called so, for conceit is emphatically a
falsehood, founded on a falsehood, what
St. Paul describes so delightfully: "If a
man thinks he is something when he is
nothing, he deceiveth himself!" And in
the case we were at the man was decidedly
just what he claimed to be. Barnum
used to call himself the Greatest Show-
man on Earth, which was not conceit,
but fact, and his proclamation of the
fact carried conviction to the world. It
was a glorious self-assertion for busi-
ness purposes, and eminently justifiable.
One sees it parodied every day. Every
man who sells soap sells the greatest dirt-
eradicator on the earth. Every fake news-
paper has the latest news. Every bicycle
agent sells the only wheel that rolls; the
others all slide. Here is an unwarranted
departure. Glorification of self does not
necessitate disparagement of all others,
which is one of the things I told the man
who is not conceited. When we got him
safely analyzed and weighed and mea-
sured, he stood thus: One part discon-
tent, one part self-shame, one part im-
patience, one part indecision, four parts
self-assertion, and this was what the
casual observer had called conceit. Back
of it all was the true man, who is as clever
as he claims to be, who only hides behind
this unfortunate web of discontent, self-
fishness, impatience, indecision and self-
assertion, a regular snarl of tangles,
patches, knots and ragged edges, out of
which, by virtue of the patience of the
All-Wise, he will be given many lives to
struggle. And *apropos* of his case, I think
the very last dire adjective to apply to
anyone supposed to possess a soul is that
annihilating one, conceited! Remember
what St. Paul reduces it to.

LADY GAY.

Florence Nightingale on the Victorian Order.

Copy of Letter from Miss Florence Night-
ingale to the Countess of Aberdeen.

10 SOUTH STREET, PARK LANE,
LONDON, W., MAY 5, 1898.

DEAR LADY ABERDEEN,—I do rejoice at
the success which has attended your efforts
to initiate the plan for establishing trained
district nurses in Canada. With great in-
terest I have read the papers you have so
kindly sent me.

Let me gladly add myself as a witness
of experience here to the great blessings
which the trained district nurses have
been to the sick poor. If you are able to
maintain the high standard for your
nurses which you have laid down, and
succeed in attracting good young women
to enter upon the work, there can be no
doubt that it will go on and prosper.

Difficulties and trials there must be, but
with so noble an object it is worth the
expenditure of much labor and patience.

What has been the experience of the
last thirty years with regard to the im-
provement of hospital training and the
means by which it has been attained? This,
namely, that it has been brought about
first by making the hospital a "home," fit
for good young women, educated young
women, to live in; and next by raising
the character of nursing into a genuine
calling by which nurses can earn an
honorable livelihood.

Then from the hospital training school
the area of the trained nurses' work be-
came extended to private nursing—
nursing the well-to-do and latterly to
that far more numerous class of patients
who are either entirely destitute or only
able to make a small contribution for the
services of the nurse, and yet who are not
fit subjects for hospital treatment.

It is especially and above all to this last
class that the trained district nurse has
proved so great a boon. For the duties
of a district nurse, more experience, more
self-denial is wanted than for those of a
hospital nurse or private nurse, who have
the doctor always at hand to refer to and
have all the appliances of hospital or home
at the service of the patient. The success
of district nursing depends more than in
hospital and private nursing upon the char-
acter of the nurse; and the character of the
nurse depends very much upon the nature
of her training and the continuance of
those helps, physical and moral, which
the good hospital "home" has supplied to
her. These helps have been found in
the system of district nursing, homes under
trained superintendents which have been
established here with so much success in
London, Edinburgh, Dublin and other
large towns, and which you propose to
adopt in Canada. Is it not to these homes
that you will have to look to train in dis-
trict work and qualify for service in small
towns and country places—pursuing their
calling under periodical supervision and
as members of a society inspired by the
esprit de corps of joint workers in a noble

and Christian cause?

No doubt in some respects your popula-
tion, especially in rural districts, differs
much from that of an old country, and
somewhat different methods will be re-
quired. Happily there does not exist with
you that large number of sick poor who
are unable to pay anything for the services
of the nurse. You are fortunate in hav-
ing obtained the aid of Miss Macleod in
beginning the work. She seemed in the
visit she was so good as to pay me, to be
thoroughly imbued with the true spirit
required for district nursing. There is
little fear but that any dissentient medi-
cal men will quickly learn from actual ex-
perience to appreciate the value to them of
the district nurse as an intelligent handmaid
and not an interfering interloper.

Heartily do we wish success to the Vic-
torian nurses and to all Canadian workers
in this good cause. Need I say that I feel
quite grieved and humiliated at having
been so long in answering your kind good
letter? Your kindness will at least admit
my true excuse of a bad time in health
which has scarcely allowed of my doing
the most pressing duties.

Again and again I give you joy of your
beneficent works, and I am overflowing
your servant,
(Signed) FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.



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very rich and durable polish. OIL, the
natural leather preserver, is its principal
ingredient. Be sure it's "Packard's."

25 cents.

L. H. PACKARD & CO., Montreal.

the cello are the instruments which speak in the
language I can understand. I have already de-
lined your writing. If you care to send me
your former *nom de plume* I will hunt up the
date for you.

MARGHERIT VÉLOIS.—I. It seems curious that
so many of this week's correspondents are
concerning themselves with the constituents of
happiness. So you think the surest indication
of individual happiness is expressed by the en-
thusiasm of the community. I don't quite
catch on. "When enthusiasm in action dies,
there can be nothing but *ennui* left." Cer-
tainly. Therefore, as enthusiasm is sure to die,
don't bank on it for a continuance. For my
part, I am never enthusiastic and seldom en-
vied. The practical mind mistrusts en-
thusiasm. 2. Your writing shows erratic and un-
controlled impulse, a mind inclined to pes-
simism, tenacity, great power of imagination,
no logical force, decided originality, and ideas
as disconnected as they make 'em.

DELINATOR.—You are plausible, tactful,
good-tempered and very agreeable; sympathy
is strong, and love of beauty, energy and enter-
prise well marked. As to your question, what
constitutes happiness in this life? It entirely
depends on your spiritual development. Some,
living on the lower planes, entirely animal and
emotional, find perfect content in the satisfac-
tion of the desires ruled by them. That is why
love, wine and music are sung about so enthu-
siastically. A keenly intellectual life needs
study, deep problems and the delight of argu-
ment to make it happy. The spiritual life, to
which I firmly believe it is designed every
soul shall finally attain, no matter from what
depths it has to climb, needs perfect harmony
for perfect happiness. Oneness of interest ex-
acts oneness of effort. The subject is at once
too simple and too deep to give you a satisfac-
tory answer here. Think, my woman. You are
not thinking deep enough, but you are on
the right track to start with.

"Did you command them to disperse?"
asked the chief. "I did," answered the
officer, "but I don't think they under-
stand me. I think they thought I was
daring them to fight."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

He—I suppose it's the pride of intellect,
but I can't help despising a man that
knows less than I do. "I don't see what
else you could do."—*Life*.

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of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
answered in this order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by writing
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
4. Please address Correspondence Column.
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.

HIAWATHA.—Quotations are not studied.
Read the rules.

THE KID.—Great self-assertion, firm will and
rather impatient nature. Tenacity, discre-
tion and some ambition are shown in this
study.

ESTELLE, Oakwood.—Your writing has force
and ambition. It is a rather crude and unde-
veloped hand. Impossible to say if you would
succeed in that profession at once.

BEAVER.—A bright, pleasant, cheerful per-
son, fond of a good time, good-natured, fanciful
and sensible, affectionate, discreet and fond of
social intercourse; should be a chatty and
rather lively companion.

AMBITIOUS.—You ought to be a boomer, jol-
lier and promoter. Great strength, great firm-
ness and great perseverance, with a tremen-
dous amount of persuasive eloquence. I think
if you had to swim a rapid river or walk
around two miles to a ford, you would swim.

METALLIC.—You are a dreamer, full of pretty
fancies the reverse of practical. You are im-
pulsive, and would be liable to speak without
thought. You are courageous, perceptive and
inclined to enthusiasm. You lack continuity
of thought and would not endure very strong
trials. Should be a very attractive person.

TWENTY-FOUR.—You are a clever and de-
cided personage, not particularly logical,
brightly perceptive, honorable and courageous,
careful of details and disposed to be generous.
The child theory is all very well, but isn't
good enough for me. Now that I have become
a woman I have put away childish things.
I don't remember the subject of Thinker's cogi-
tations. Some persons don't seem to know
how to think so as to benefit themselves.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.—Please don't quar-
rel with your height. It is the little woman
who is out of it this season, and the tall girls
are all the fashion. How charming of you to
write me such a pretty letter. I hope it will
not be the last. You are right—the organ and

The Triple Crown

is one of the strong and
pleasing features of the

Massey-Harris

All Admire it.

Massey-Harris Co.

Salesrooms:

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

SOUTHCOTT & SON

1388 Queen St. West

TORONTO

to the nice, bright store specially pre-
pared for us at No. 8 King St. West.
So long had we to prepare for the re-
moval that we were very quick in get-
ting "to rights."

Business was not interrupted to any
extent. We can fill any and every
order—very promptly.

We ask you to visit the new store—
it is so near to our former place of busi-
ness that you cannot go astray.

We will open up many new books
that have been held in cases pending
our removal.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
No. 8 King Street West.

We have Moved
"The Bookshop"

to the nice, bright store specially pre-
pared for us at No. 8 King St. West.

So long had we to prepare for the re-
moval that we were very quick in get-
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Business was not interrupted to any
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Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
No. 8 King Street West.

An Art Gallery for Toronto.



WE have had the pleasure but recently of viewing in this city of ours, four exhibitions of works of art of different grades of merit. That very many have appreciated these works has been amply testified by the evident interest taken in them. Among the many impressions retained by those who attended these displays, this one must surely have remained with the observant visitor and remained to detract seriously from the art value of the whole, viz., the total unsuitability of the building occupied, and its little claim to be a house of art. If the visitor had traveled to any little extent and had seen the art galleries of other cities, the contrast must have been most unfavorable to this. A crowded, bustling, business street; a shop exterior with no indications of art save in the sign on the door; the proximity of a theater around whose doors lounge youths of free manners in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke and profanity; an entrance more suggestive of a prison than of a gallery; an ante-room innocent of any pretensions to artistic arrangement; a gallery low, badly lighted, consisting of two rooms, and in an extremity three; are not qualifications we expect to find in a gallery of art. We might, indeed, take kindly to this backwoods condition of things in some of the remoter country towns, but we are surely justified in expecting better things in a city of 200,000 inhabitants with some pretensions to a measure of wealth. A most natural conclusion would be, to a stranger, that as a people we have little appreciation of the value of art, little understanding of its utility. And yet this is really not at all the truth. The numbers who attend the different art exhibitions; the numbers throughout the city studying in different ways; the attention paid to home arrange-

ments external and internal; the various private collections our city can boast—all assure us of a widespread interest in art. What seems to be lacking is the public expression of this general interest and its focussing into a center.

The Art Gallery now in existence, or rather the rooms in which these exhibitions have been held, have been maintained and kept exclusively for art purposes entirely by the efforts of the artists themselves, with a small Government grant which is really not worth mentioning. This seems to be their privilege in most of the art efforts in this town. They have done well to keep open any building with their means. But if this city is to have any public building devoted to art, manifestly it cannot, should not, be at the expense of the artists. Neither are they the ones who can best take the initiative in obtaining it. Literature is acknowledged in our civic arrangements as conducive to the public good; religion receives its measure of recognition; law we acknowledge; but art as a factor in our civic economy has no place. What a blunder to ignore its influence on the morals of a community, on its social conditions! A wise and intelligent government will not ignore it; manifestly it is the duty of a civil power to provide for the development of this important factor in the elevation of the people. But in looking at the origin of many art galleries we find the first move has come, not from the rulers, but from public-spirited individuals impressed with the value of art.

And so it must needs be here, mainly, for the present at least. A move was made to secure a gallery some time ago by the Royal Canadian Academy, which, owing to the fear of other cities of entering all art interest in Toronto, had to be abandoned. A lot was secured at that time on the corner of Victoria street and Wilton avenue, a lot which cost them \$6,000, and a well known lady of this city subscribed \$5,000 conditionally. There may be some difference of opinion regarding this site, but there could surely be little ground for controversy should the Government grant one of the lots near the Parliament buildings, in the midst of most suitable artistic surroundings, for the site of a new art gallery. This would be surely most appropriate in every way. A building of beauty and utility might easily be erected by private subscription. In this building all art exhibitions, public of course, might be held. It should contain all accommodation for all the art interests recognized in any way by the Government. The Ontario School of Art would meet there, the O. S. A. also have their rooms, and the R. C. A. when it visited us.

In not so long a time a collection of paintings could easily be gathered. The artists would, no doubt, contribute—another of their privileges. Some of our artistic friends would die, naturally—or really they would not need to die; their bequests could be ante-mortem. Works of art could be gathered which many would never otherwise see, and which would be a benefit to the public and to the artists themselves. Statuary might be provided for and a very valuable collection of designs gathered.

We have, it seems to me, a right that is divine, to see and know all we can of what is lovely, and we are strongly convinced of the duty of the state to bring the people into such contact and assist them in getting their divine right. We are constituted with this demand inherent in us, and there must be arrangement made for the satisfying of this need in the plans of a benevolent Creator. Nature is filled with evidences of the supply. We hope that ere long art has some fitting permanent recognition in Toronto.

An exhibition of the art work of the pupils of the Bishop Strachan School will be given in the school on June 9, 10 and 11. All friends interested in the school are invited to attend. JEAN GRANT.

Maltine with Cod Liver Oil—A Food—Medicine and Digestive.
Thousands of invalids are starving—starving in the midst of plenty and despite the tender care of loved ones. Health is restored, not by what is eaten, but by what is digested. Maltine with Cod Liver Oil is a food, for it is rich in the nourishing properties of wheat, oats and barley; a medicine, for it is combined with the best Norwegian oil, which it renders palatable; and a powerful digestive, for it acts rapidly upon starchy foods, making them soluble and capable of supplying in abundance the elements of nutrition. One bottle is of greater remedial value than ten bottles of any emulsion. Try it.

The Wabash Railroad.

With its new and magnificent train service, the admiration of Canadian travelers. Its reclining chair cars are literally palaces on wheels, splendidly upholstered and decorated with the costliest woods. Its chairs, which are free to passengers, can, by the touch of a spring, be placed in any position desired from a comfortable parlor chair through the various degrees of lounging chairs to a perfect couch. Many prefer these cars to sleeping cars for night journeys, and for day trips they are the most comfortable and convenient cars that can be devised. Two of these reclining chair cars are attached to all through trains between Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. Full particulars from any R. R. agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto, Ont.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

On the first and third Tuesdays in June, 1898, the Chicago & Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets (good for 21 days) to a great many points in South and North Dakota and other western and south-western states, at practically one fare for the round trip. Take a trip west and see what an amount of good land can be purchased for very little money. Further information as to routes, routes, prices of farm lands, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

Anglo-Saxon Union.

EAGLE AND LION.

New York Critic.

Add ye—add ye the Eagle's plume
To the Lion's tread and his maned wrath!
Join ye the land and the air's dominion,
Together prevail on the deep sea's path!

I.
Mother of Celt, and of Cymric, and Briton,
Nurse of lone isles in the Asian main,
Deep in thy heart is the mother-love written—
Whoever sought it, and sought it in vain!

II.
Thou gatherest all with enfolding maternal—
Races wide-sundered, the fair and the swart,
Sunburnt, or scorched by the frost wind hibernial—
Thou holdest them all in thy cherishing heart!

III.
These are more aliens—but thou hadst a daughter!
Her flitting words—they were lisp'd at thy knee!
Thou hearest her voice, beyond the gray water,
How like is the voice—the face like to thee!

IV.
Thou hearest her singing Liberty's psalm!
(She learned it from thee, she was rocked on thy breast).
Its echoes are heard in the Isles Caribbean—
From the seas in the east to the seas in the west!

V.
From thee she inherits a largeness of story;
Thy towers, and thy tombs, and the music eternal
Of the bards who, still chanting of valor and glory,
Deny that their ashes are cold in the urn!

VI.
From thee she inherits the deathless tradition,
Yet she will repay, and with increase will bless:
The hopes of the race in a fuller fruition,
Inherit from her—and inherit no less!

VII.
Toilers of hers and of thine, in the quarry;
Riders of thine and of hers, on the plains;
Soon, perchance, proven in sea-fight and foray,
One is the blood that leaps in your veins!

VIII.
Mother from daughter who shall disavow,
Who overthrow the fabric ye rear?
The bond that ye make, it shall bind forever—
These shall reverse it, and these shall fear!

IX.
(Fear it shall they who with Faith would falter,
Their boast—their reproach—immortal Wrong!
Fear it shall they—and the red hand shall falter,
Caught back by the hand of the stern and the strong!)

X.
Yours be the power that, o'ercoming, assuages,
Yours to bind Evil, and Good to release;
By you be fulfilled the dream of the ages,
Conquer the World—and cede it to Peace!

Join ye the land and the air's dominion,
Together prevail on the deep sea's path!
Add ye—add ye the Eagle's plume
To the Lion's tread and his maned wrath!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

West New Brighton, N.Y.

Why He Blushed.

Visitors at the World's Fair of 1893 will recall the Indian exhibit or encampment on the shore of the South Pond. One of the tents or wigwags was occupied by an athletic and fine-looking, but somewhat taciturn specimen of young Indian manhood as his own particular home, and while it was open at all proper hours for the inspection of visitors, he resented any approach to impertinent curiosity.

A bevy of young women dropped into his tent one day, before his usual hour for opening it, and found him sewing a rent in a blanket.

"See how he blushes!" exclaimed one of the visitors. "We have caught him doing squaw's work."

"Why, that's his natural color!" giggled another. "He always blushes."

"Yes, young ladies," said the Indian, in perfectly good English, "he blushes for some of the civilized and enlightened white Americans of the nineteenth century."

The visitors joined him in blushing, and shortly afterward went out without further remarks.

His Own Work.

The vanity of a certain well known painter is ridiculed in a story told of him. It relates that the painter was traveling in a train through the mountains, and as the weather was warm and the painter had not had enough sleep the night before, he dozed in his seat.

He had a traveling companion who insisted upon talking to him, nevertheless, and as the train passed a fine prospect, exclaimed:

"Look! look! What a beautiful landscape!"

"Yep," granted the painter, dreaming, and hearing a "shop" phrase, "I painted it myself!"

New Version.

A writer in the San Francisco News Letter says that a company of men were sitting on a hotel veranda in Honolulu, when someone proposed that each should tell a moral story, or pay a forfeit. All hands agreed to this except Camar-

A Capable Lawyer.

Bazar.

Stranger (in Pettyville tavern)—Is there an attorney in the village?

Landlord—Yes, sir, a first-rate one. Keen as a briar—knows his business. I guess, about as well as most of them high-priced city lawyers. That's his office, in the little rickety-looking 'buildin' over there, where you see the sign "John Slicksmith, Attorney-at-Law; real estate, insurance, and collection agent. Sweet cider five cents per glass." If he ain't in or gone fishin' you'll probably find him somewhere around the livery-stable. If you happen to need a hair-cut, he's a good barber; and if your horse gets sick, he's the best veterinary surgeon in the neighborhood.

Connie—What do you think of Miss Brainley? Dolly—I like her quite well; for while she is so exasperatingly clever, she is also consoling-ly ugly.

Schoolteacher—Now, Willie Higgins, you may tell me what Commodore Dewey did on the first of May, 1898. Willie—He did the Spaniards, mam.—Bazar.

"You had better not go boasting with sister," said Tommy to his sister's beau. "Why not, Tommy?" "Cause I heard her say she intended to throw you overboard soon."

"Does your wife do much fancy work?" "Fancy work? She won't even let a porous plaster come into the house without crocheting a red border around it and running a yellow ribbon through the holes."

"Well, good-bye, old fellow. I sha'n't see you again for a year." "Why, you don't intend to start till the day after to-morrow, do you?" "No; but I expect to put in all day to-morrow trying to understand the railway time-tables."

Mr. E. B. Osler, seconded by Mr. T. Walsley, and resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be given to the President, Vice-President and directors for their services during the past year.

It was moved by Mr. Hendrie, seconded by Mr. J. Risley, and resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be given to the General Manager, Managers and agents, inspectors and other officers of the bank for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

It was moved by Mr. George W. Lewis, seconded by Mr. Anson Jones, and resolved, that the poll be now opened for the election of seven directors, and that the same be closed at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, or as soon before that hour as five minutes shall elapse without any vote being polled, and that the scrutineers, on the close of the poll, do hand to the Chairman a certificate of the result of the poll.

Mr. Thomas Long moved, seconded by Mr. W. S. Lee, and resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be given to Sir Frank Smith for his able conduct in the chair.

The scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, Wm. Ince, E. Leadlay, Wilmot D. Matthews, E. B. Osler and Sir Frank Smith.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors Sir Frank Smith was elected President and Mr. E. B. Osler Vice-President for the ensuing year.

GENERAL STATEMENT.
Capital stock paid up \$1,500,000 00
Reserve fund 1,500,000 00
Balance of profits carried forward 32,388 05
Dividend No. 62, payable 2nd May 45,000 00
Former dividends unclaimed 73 50
Reserve for interest and exchange 112,000 00
Rebate on bills discounted 34,084 80

Notes in circulation 1,204,016 00
Deposits not bearing interest 1,804,735 52
Deposits bearing interest 11,223,425 10
Balance due to London agents 156,279 21
\$17,671,083 05

Assets.
Special deposits \$548,008 03
Dominion Government demand notes 738,000 00
Deposits with Dominion Government for security of note circulation 77,230 00
Notes and cheques of other banks 304,543 78
Balances due from other banks in Canada 136,077 58
Balances due from other banks in the United States 745,007 69
Provincial Government securities 330,177 51
Municipal and other debentures 3,638,082 50
Bills discounted and current (including advances on call) 10,709,000 96
Overdue debts (estimated loss provided for) 44,996 66
Real estate 39,567 65
Shortages on real estate sold by the bank 7,371 19
Bank premises 263,703 64
Other assets not included under foregoing heads 9,375 70
\$17,671,083 05

R. D. GAMBLE,
General Manager,
Dominion Bank, Toronto, 30th April, 1898.

They say that Admiral Camara is only a small pocket kodak after all and it doesn't matter whether he sails to the Philippines or to the Indies.

LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE

Is an excellent nutrient tonic. Physicians desiring to prescribe will hardly find anything superior to this.—Health Journal.
"We find that the Ale uniformly well agreed with the patients, that it stimulated the appetite, and thereby increased nutrition. The taste likewise was highly spoken of. In nervous women, we found that a glass at bedtime acted as a very effective and harmless hypnotic."—Superintendent of large United States Hospital.

ORDER IT FROM YOUR MERCHANT AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT.

JOHN LABATT, Brewer - LONDON

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—KED

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

COAL AND WOOD

THE VERY BEST AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES

P. BURNS & CO.

38 King Street East
304 Queen East
274 College Street
Cor. Front and Bathurst
512 Queen West
180 Wellesley Street
Foot of Princess
429 Spadina
388 Yonge Street
TELEPHONE AT ALL OFFICES

Famous Gas Range

ENTIRELY NEW THIS SEASON



Thermometer in Baking Oven Door shows exact heat of oven; a great convenience.

Large Extended Top, four cooking holes.

Two rows of pointed flame on each burner giving greater heat at smaller cost than any other style.

Both Ovens, 17 inches square, Asbestos Lined, preventing escape of heat and thus saving gas in heating them.

"Pilot Light" to light oven burners.

Water Heater can be attached, if desired.

Heavy Sheet Steel Body, with nickel plated trimmings.

WE MAKE 5 STYLES AND 10 SIZES OF GAS STOVES

THE McCLARY MANUFACTURING CO.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER

If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest houses.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, in June, under the management of Mr. F. L. Patton, and one in Montreal, to which Mr. C. A. Borge was appointed Manager. Both of these offices promise to be of substantial advantage to the bank.

Frank Smith, President, Mr. E. B. Osler, and resolved, that the report be adopted.

It was moved by Mr. S. Alcorn, seconded by Mr. T. Walsley, and resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be given to the President, Vice-President and directors for their services during the past year.

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GOLD MEDAL.

Health Exhibition, London.

BENGER'S

FOOD

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

This delicious and highly nutritive Food has been used with remarkable success in the rearing of infants, and by delicate and aged persons in England for many years. It can now be obtained in sealed tins of leading Chemists, &c., in the Colonies, and will prove a boon to mothers and nurses.

BENGER'S FOOD is sold in various sized tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

Wholesale of Leading Importers, or of Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto.

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Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

MISS EDITH HEMMING
MINIATURE PAINTER
has removed her studio to
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THE intelligent pursuit of art in refined communities offers pleasurable employment and the highest remuneration.
THE ART METROPOLE
131 Yonge Street, Toronto
Established for the convenience of Artists and Art Students.

Roberts' Art Gallery
ARTISTIC PICTURE FRAMING
LATEST DESIGNS
79 KING STREET WEST.

The Rex Studio
offers one of our large Carbon Portraits for the small sum of \$25.
In Buffalo you will pay \$75 for the same picture.
Ours is the only studio in Canada making this work. Call and see it.
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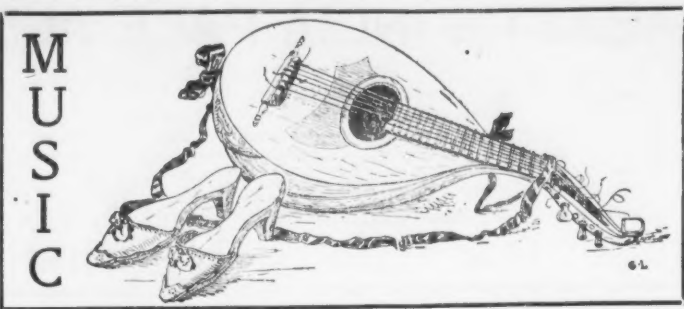
Operating, Retouching and Printing
are the three essential points in the production of high-class portraits.
Our work proves us to be experts in all three.
PARK BROS.
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CANVAS COLORS PAPERS INKS
AND EVERY REQUIREMENT FOR THE PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR ARTIST
44 KING STREET EAST - TORONTO

ARTISTS' COLORS
WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL AND WATER COLORS
are in constant demand by the best artists throughout the world for superior works of art.
For sale at all art stores and not expensive.
A. RAMSAY & SON
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

The Latest Thing
Made by us is a Monochrome Portrait in blue-grey on Porcelain for Sir Charles Tupper, Bart, G.C.M.G. This is a beautiful shade, much richer and warmer than even a carbon picture.
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The HIGH GRADE ART



The concerts given in the Armories on Monday evening and Tuesday afternoon and evening last by Dan Godfrey's band from London, Eng., will go upon record as having been, probably, the most successful events, financially, in the history of music in Toronto. Lieut. Godfrey's fame as bandmaster for forty years of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards had rendered his name a household word throughout the entire British Empire. Under his baton this famous band of the Guards developed into one of the most magnificent military musical organizations in the world, and one in which all Englishmen were justly proud of pointing to as an example of the phenomenally high standard reached in England in the military bands of that country. The band, however, which played in Toronto this week, although a very carefully selected organization, should not be confounded with the bands belonging to the regular service in England. Although it served its purpose admirably, as an advertising expedient, to describe our visitors as "England's greatest military band," and the concerts as "The most important musical event in the history of Canada," yet it is questionable whether it was wise to arouse public expectation as had been done, particularly when the playing of the band, both as regards its programme and the very ordinary character of its ensemble, placed it so far below the level of any of the concert bands which we have been accustomed to hear in Toronto from time to time during the past ten years, including the Gilmore, Sousa, or other leading American organizations. It would be idle to deny that the public which attended last Monday evening's concert were keenly disappointed. Barring the playing at intervals in the programme of patriotic tunes, the music furnished by the band and the very sleepy and commonplace manner in which it was rendered failed to awaken any signs of enthusiasm. The band, however, is splendidly equipped in several of its sections, notably its wood-wind, and contains some exceptionally fine material in a number of its soloists. Its artistic triumphs during the series of concerts given here by the organization were, as a matter of fact, clearly won by the solo performers. The instruments used by the band were, for the most part, of a very superior order, such as are generally to be found in the leading bands of England. In this, as indeed in many other respects, the exceptional care exercised by the authorities in the supervision of the military music of the Motherland has given England a most enviable standing among the nations of the world. The disappointing effect of the band's performances on Monday evening was doubtless due to some extent to the position occupied by the organization in the center of the building and to the faulty acoustical properties of the vast auditorium in which they played. Certain it is, that familiarity with their surroundings produced much better results in Tuesday's concerts, there being greater precision in attack and more refinement in expression than was the case on the previous evening. An interesting feature of the programme and one which moved the immense audiences present to tremendous demonstrations of patriotic enthusiasm, was the performance of Julian's British Army Quadrilles, a characteristic composition in which the bands of the Queen's Own, Grenadiers and the pipers of the 15th Highlanders took a prominent part, the effect of the massed bands in the finale being most dramatic. In the opinion of many it would be well at future band concerts in the Armories to place the performers either at the western or eastern end of the drill hall. The experiment would at all events be well worth a trial.

The Boston *Congregationalist* has a curious article on the subject of what may be called the organist and the sermon. Mr. Dalrymple Stacey, our contemporary organist, is "a talented, handsome young man; thoroughly educated in his profession and an accomplished performer and composer. He is *an* *art* in all matters of society, and is a general favorite with the young people." But Mr. Stacey, like some organists nearer home, has one grave failing—he cannot stand the sermon. He has, in short, a habit of leaving the organ loft and betaking himself to the ante-room as soon as the minister rises to announce his text. He remains outside until the discourse is concluded, ascertaining the time through the keyhole. He has been five years in his post, this bold but organist; and during all that time he has not listened to half a dozen sermons. Nor does he seek to hide his feelings on the matter either. One of the deacons ventured on a remonstrance. He received a civil reply, the substance of which was that, having spent many years in musical study abroad, he (Mr. Dalrymple Stacey) had rather outgrown "that sort of thing," and, finding little to interest him in the preaching of orthodox parsons, he chose to withdraw from the organ loft when he was not needed there. The *Congregationalist* thinks that what is required are fewer accomplishments and more grace. "For my part," writes an English critic in referring to this rather amusing matter, "I think what is needed is a little more courtesy. A good deal, no doubt, depends on the character of the sermons; but I am not sure that in any case we can regard the man as a gentleman who deliberately and as a constant habit turns his back and leaves the church when his position as leader of public exercises is to be filled by another leader. They must be very good

to this talented, handsome young man at Boston."

The Vienna correspondent of the New York *Musical Courier* writes as follows concerning the advantages of the Austrian capital as a center for music study:—

It has sent out hundreds of well-known artists. I remember the *Bacontour* once said: "Berlin and Vienna are the places for real, earnest study," and since my experience here as music critic I should, for the art of study, place Vienna at the first of the line. Examined artists from many other cities and nowhere do I find so much exact and exacting study. Thoroughness is the watchword—slipshod work is crushed. Such minute attention to details and exactitude in everything is difficult to describe. What I say of singing is equally true of the piano and the violin.

Rosenthal, Gruenfeld, Leschetizky (Rabinstein school), Dacles (now dead), and Epstein of the Conservatory, have their homes here and their work as artists and teachers surpasses any other now living known to us. As to the violin, we have more celebrated quartets, excepting the Joachim and Kneisel quartets. Witness the famous Quartet Rose, Helmesberger Quartet and the later Prill Quartet, Fitzer, Soldat-Rogier, etc. Grun, Rose and Prill and Helmesberger and their preparatory teachers exact the most superior work from their pupils. Students come from Paris and all over Germany, and say they first learned to study in Vienna. Still Americans rush to France and Germany in the largest numbers, and why? First, because, no doubt, these cities advertise and Vienna does not; secondly, because the prices of living are more expensive in the Austrian capital than elsewhere. Both of these conditions could and should be changed. Vienna should keep more in touch with the spirit of the times and not allow her musical atmosphere to become stagnant. She could also put prices of living more in keeping with the purses of students.

Another high-class programme was given on Saturday evening at the Toronto College of Music, Pembroke street, by one of Mr. Torrington's most talented pupils, Miss Ethel Husband, which included compositions calculated to display musicianly talent of exceptional excellence. The piano numbers were: Weber—Concert-stuck; Chopin—Polonaise, op. 53, and Valse, op. 70, No. 1; Mendelssohn—Andante and Rondo Capriccioso; Vogrich—Staccato Caprice; Liszt—Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2; and Rigoletto Fantasia; a Praeludium and Fuga by Clarence Lucas; Hexentanz by MacDowell, and a Saint Saens Polonaise for two pianos, in which Miss Tait, another pupil of Mr. Torrington, joined Miss Husband. Miss Husband showed technique and sympathetic touch with clearness of execution and phrasing in a marked degree. Mr. W. J. A. Carahan was the vocalist of the evening, giving Mendelssohn's I Am a Roamer, and My All, by Bohm, in good style. He was enthusiastically recalled by the large audience present. Miss Mabel Dalby, a clever pupil of Dr. Carlyle's, gave several readings in a highly satisfactory manner and added greatly to the delightful programme given.

Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, the famous Chicago pianiste who is so popular with Toronto audiences, is winning most remarkable triumphs in London. One of the leading critics of that great city describes her success as "most genuine and pronounced." He further says: "The vigor and solidity of her touch in loud passages, combined with the beauty of her tone in quieter moods, her ample technique, and the feeling of confidence in her equipment which she inspired soon found favour with the Philharmonic audience. In fact, she was accorded an ovation, and seldom, if ever, have I heard more spontaneous or unanimous applause than followed her magnificent playing of Rubinstein's D minor concerto." Speaking of the very poor support accorded Mme. Zeisler by the orchestra of the Philharmonic, under Sir Alex. Mackenzie, the same critic says: "A more ragged, wretched and ill-timed accompaniment than that to Rubinstein's D minor piano concerto I have never heard." The success of Mme. Zeisler under these disheartening conditions is all the more to her credit.

Some idea of the enterprise of Mr. Robert Newman, the energetic and progressive manager of Queen's Hall, London, Eng., may be formed from the statement that he has given one hundred and six orchestral concerts in the Queen's Hall since last autumn, exclusive of the Philharmonic, Mottl, Richter and other concerts which have not been under his management. When the number of these last mentioned concerts is borne in mind, it speaks well for his ability as a manager that he has been able to make both ends meet financially, considering that his orchestra numbers one hundred and three of the finest instrumentalists to be found in the world, and that he has not one penny of a subsidy or guarantee. The London correspondent of the *Musical Courier* in commenting on Mr. Newman's success says: "Think of the good these concerts have done to the musical taste of the London public. Let it also be remembered that had Mr. Newman not conducted these concerts, our best conductor, Henry J. Wood, would not have been heard of as a conductor."

A large audience attended a vocal recital by pupils of Mr. Rechab Tandy, which was given in the Music Hall of the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening last. No less than twenty of Mr. Tandy's pupils were brought forward on this occasion in a programme of bright and attractive English ballads, Italian and French arias, and several concerted numbers. The manner in which the various numbers were rendered proved the thoroughness of Mr. Tandy's methods and the natural ability of many of those taking part. Not the least interesting feature of the recital was the part taken in it by Mr. Tandy himself, who sang, by special request, two well known English ballads, namely, Blumenthal's My Queen, and Adams' Holy City, in the artistic style which has made this gentleman's singing so popular. The names of the pupils taking part were: Misses Huyck, Davidson, Roberts, Jones, Smith, Low, Heintzman, Bellegheim, Burrows, Hostrower, Wagstaff, Sutherland, Wheler, Thomson, Mrs. S. G. McGill, and Messrs. Coulthard, Walker and Wilson.

The recent appearance of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in Paris, under Nikisch, moved the Parisian critics to very extravagant statements regarding the wonderful gifts of the Leipzig conductor and the astonishing efficiency of the orchestra under his direction. M. Gustave Robert, however, in his yearly review, *La Musique a Paris*, devotes some space to Herr Nikisch and his orchestra, which he criticizes in the following language:—"M. Nikisch is a very good head of an orchestra, his musicians in general are a very fair average, but between that point and perfection there is a long—very long—distance." Then referring more particularly to the conductor, he adds, "A certain 'subjectivity' of interpretation is always dangerous in classic writers like Beethoven. The authentic Beethoven tradition is preserved less carefully at Berlin than in Paris. I am certain no one of our conductors would venture to treat Wagner with as much *laissez-aller* as M. Nikisch does."

"Expressions of the greatest satisfaction," says the New York *Evening Telegram*, "are heard on all sides over the fact that Emil Paur is to be in New York permanently. The general impression is that no better man could have been chosen to conduct the Philharmonic Symphony concerts. Great things are looked for after Mr. Paur has had an opportunity to put the stamp of his strong individuality on the work of the orchestra. Mr. Paur will not only conduct the Philharmonic and Astoria concerts, but will also conduct many miscellaneous concerts. There is a strong movement afoot to elect Mr. Paur conductor of the Seidl Society of Brooklyn. Mr. Paur's work with the Boston Symphony Orchestra stamps him as one of the greatest living symphony conductors. He is an almost equally well known and experienced conductor of opera. Mr. Paur was for years operatic conductor at Leipzig and at the artistically conducted opera house at Mannheim on the Rhine."

A piano and organ recital by pupils of Miss Sara E. Dallas, Mus. Bac., F.T.C.M., which took place on Saturday afternoon of last week in the music hall of the Conservatory of Music, attracted a large and critical audience, and served to demonstrate the superior class of work being done by Miss Dallas both as a teacher of piano and organ. Piano numbers were rendered by Misses True-dale, Hattie Mace, Rena McCullough, Annie McMahon, Beatrice Smith, Albert Murray and Leila Sampson. Misses McMahon and True-dale took part in Von Wilm's Prelude and Sarabande for two pianos, and Miss Ethel Ross played the piano part in a Haydn trio, assisted by Miss Louise Fulton, violinist, and Miss Elsie Adamson, cellist. The organ numbers contributed were played by Miss McBrien and Miss Bryan. The recital was made further interesting through the assistance of pupils from the vocal and elocutionary departments of the institution.

The Canadian Club of New York held its second annual banquet on the evening of Her Majesty's birthday. One of the pleasing features of the meeting was that it brought together several Canadian musicians now resident in New York. These were, Mr. Roland Paul of Montreal, Mr. H. P. Higinbotham, late of Guelph, and Mr. M. T. Lester, also late of Toronto, who formed a male quartette, also appearing in their individual capacity as soloists. Speaking of Mr. Robinson's singing the *Musical Age* of New York says: "Mr. Walter H. Robinson of the Vocal Science School created quite a sensation by his singing at the meeting of the Canadian Society." Of great assistance to the vocalists were the accompaniments played by Mr. Joseph Franklin Kitchen, late of Simcoe.

Sieveking, the Dutch pianist, who gave a recital in Toronto several seasons ago, and whose brilliancy as a conversationalist and whose remarkable versatility as a musician were so much admired by those of our resident musicians who met him at a reception held after the recital, has, judging from a recent portrait in an exchange, been cultivating an enormous growth of hair, *a la Paderewski*. The general impression which prevailed here and elsewhere concerning Sieveking's piano-playing was that he was more eminent as a musician than as a piano "virtuoso." He may, however, expect to accomplish wonders in the eyes of the public as a wizard of the keyboard through the wonderful *li-rute* chrysanthemum which now covers his head. "It is astonishing," says an American critic, "what a multitude of musical sins a velvet coat or long hair will cover."

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the well known Toronto pianist, who has been spending several seasons in Vienna under Leschetizky's instruction, returns to work as a teacher and soloist on September 1. Mr. Tripp is enthusiastic concerning the advantages offered in Vienna to specialists in piano playing both from the standpoint of solo playing and pedagogy. It is his intention to resume his work with the Toronto Male Chorus Club, an organization which his energy brought into existence, and which has become one of the most popular musical societies in the city.

I understand that an effort is to be made during the coming summer to arrange for a series of local orchestral concerts to be given next season in Massey Hall. The venture is to be well backed financially, and the promoters have the promise of the active support of our best musical and social elements. We have had so many of these schemes on paper during recent years that further information is withheld until the movement assumes more definite shape.

The Apollo Choir, which made, as will be remembered, a most creditable debut at Massey Hall on Good Friday evening last under Mr. T. C. Jeffers' direction, will, in all probability, be reorganized on a permanent basis before the beginning of next season's work. Mr. Jeffers has received much encouragement from local singers and music patrons to re-organize the chorus, and it is hoped he may take the matter in hand.

Both the Conservatory and College of Music are arranging for a special summer normal session of about five weeks, beginning during the first week of July. From present indications large numbers of music students, among them many teachers from various parts of the province, will avail themselves of the opportunities thus offered for a short term of study under the best of teachers on the respective staffs of the institutions mentioned.

An invitation piano recital will be given at Moulton Ladies' College this evening at eight o'clock by Miss Brophy of Brantford, Miss Eckhardt of St. Catharines, and Miss Nicholas of Bruce Mines. These three young ladies, who are pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt, represent this year's graduating class in piano-playing at Moulton College. They will be assisted by Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, violinist.

NEW MUSIC.—The Esmeralda Waltzes by Carl de Rossa, published by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association. This is a more than usually effective composition of the kind. The themes are melodious, rhythmically striking, and of a character which should attract attention and command a large demand for these waltzes, which are now on sale at all our music dealers.

The music at St. Simon's church at tomorrow evening's service (Trinity Sunday) will be of a specially impressive character. The choir, under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's direction, will sing Garrett's fine anthem, In Humble Faith and Holy Love, the baritone solo being taken by Mr. C. Major. A solo will be sung at the offertory by the talented tenor, Mr. W. E. Rundie.

The choir of the First Methodist Church, St. Thomas, under the direction of the organist and choirmaster, Mr. J. H. Renwick, formerly of this city, gave a very successful rendering of Gault's popular cantata Ruth at a recent concert given in the church. Local papers give unstinted praise to Mr. Renwick and his choir for their admirable work on this occasion.

I am informed that the demand for organ instruction at the Conservatory of Music is so great that the management are contemplating the purchase of a second pipe-organ for the institution, the present instrument being in demand daily from an early hour until late in the evening.

At the Sherbourne street Methodist church next Sunday evening the service will be largely musical. The choir, with Miss Kleiser, Mrs. Woodland, Miss Lola Roman, Mr. Francis Beard, Mr. Percival Parker and Mr. J. F. Howitt as soloists, will give selections from Rossini's Stabat Mater.

The summer term at the Toronto College of Music, Pembroke street, begins July 1, and will last for five weeks. All departments will be personally supervised by Mr. F. H. Torrington.

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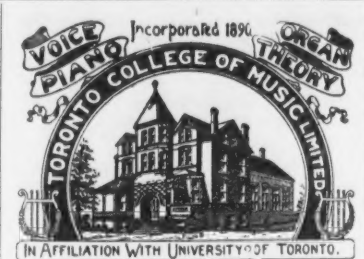
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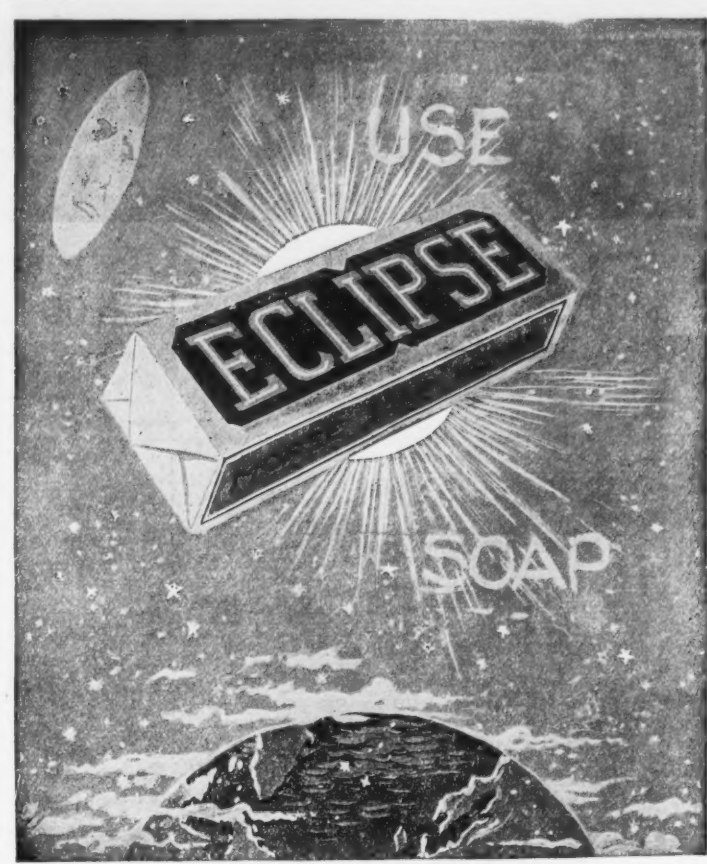
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Social and Personal.
Miss Beverley Robinson was the singer, and a very sweet one, too, at the Q.O.R. service last Sunday.
On Monday afternoon Mrs. Perceval Ridout invited a few friends to Rosedale House for five o'clock tea to meet Mrs. Dobell. A charming hour was enjoyed by a very nice party.
During Race Week Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, ever the soul of hospitality, even though now too much engrossed otherwise to entertain largely, gave some of her visiting friends attending the races a happy hour on several occasions by bidding them informally for a cup of tea after the day's sport was over. A kind welcome and a memory of their thoughtful and winning hostess, therefore, goes into far homes, cherished by those who acknowledge that no one can be lovelier in her own home than the mistress of Closeburn.
Mrs. Charles Pegley has come from New York for treatment in Toronto General Hospital. Her son, Mr. Gerald Pegley, whose sweet singing was so much admired here recently, was also in town for a few days.
Mrs. G. Allen Case returned from a visit to Danville this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jarvis will summer in Parkdale this year. Their Toronto friends welcome them gladly.
A big basket, a matron, and six little deaconesses went picnicking to High Park the other afternoon. Very sweet and bright and bonny looked the little deaconesses in their healthy youthful vigor.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham have returned to New York. Mrs. and Miss Dobell and Miss Elaine Dobell have returned to Quebec. Sir Adolphe Caron,

who had such a serious accident recently, is reported to be doing very nicely. Mrs. Hillyard Bloodgood spent a very short visit in town and attended the races on one afternoon, when she wore a costume of deep heliotrope and hat to match, a beautiful ensemble, which by inadvertence I spoke of last week as having been worn by a fair young visitor from Lower Canada.
Mr. Hopkins, father of Mr. Castell Hopkins, has been a prominent figure at many functions for the past two weeks, and is a remarkably quick-witted and delightful conversationalist.
Mrs. Lapham of Penn Yan has come to Toronto to live with her parents, Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy.
The Bishop of Toronto is suffering from an attack of gout, and will not take duty to-morrow.
Last Saturday a meeting of ladies interested in questions of domestic science was held at Euclid Hall, by pleasure of Mrs. Treble, Miss Lemerle of the Woman's Industrial Union of Buffalo, and Miss Grattan, the clever teacher of the cooking classes at Victor Mission, addressed the circle of ladies.
Professor Huntingford's picnic to the Humber last Saturday was a most enjoyable and well arranged pleasure.
His Worship the Mayor has had his wee mansion made all spick and span with a fresh coat of paint this week. All about the quaint little home are flowering shrubs and pretty plants. It is a regular beauty-spot.
Mrs. J. B. Hughes and Miss Hughes of Waterloo have been the guests of Mrs. S. E. Priestman of Washington avenue.
A very strange thing occurred at Massey Hall last Sunday afternoon. More than one observant person noticed it. When

the clergyman turned around and addressed the stalwart fellows comprising Godfrey's band as "Gentlemen of the Imperial Guards," a pink light fell on all their faces—they blushed. Was it the combination of parson, prayers, sermon, and that immense bank of nodding millinery? Or what?
Mrs. H. H. Humphrey of Pembroke street has left town for her cottage at Star Lake, Adirondacks, where she will spend the summer months.
Mr. Alexander Even of New Westminster, B.C., accompanied by his daughter, Adelaide, has lately returned from the Old Country, where they spent the winter visiting relatives and friends. Mr. Even left his daughter in Toronto for the summer. She is at present staying with her friend, Mrs. J. I. Stewart of King street west.
Last Saturday afternoon when many were enjoying the sport of racing on land down at the Woodbine, others were enjoying the marine side of the subject in watching the Royal Canadian Yacht Club races. It was the opening of the Club's racing season, and although some of the yachts were not quite ready, a good afternoon's sport resulted notwithstanding.
Mrs. Fred Rose of St. Mary street, accompanied by Miss Smith of Calgary, left this week for New York, Newport and Boston.
Mrs. Leigh, wife of Major Leigh of Dovercourt road, has been visiting in Ottawa in connection with the Woman's Council. She returned this week.
Mr. Roberts, manager of the Imperial Bank, Fergus, and Mrs. Roberts have been enjoying a vacation with friends in Toronto.
The Book of the Ball is now before the public, and it has been received with



We are showing the prettiest styles of summer suits for boys at prices from \$1.50 to \$6.00.

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FIRST ANNUAL CONCERT
By the Toronto Musical Improvement Club
MONDAY, JUNE 6th, ST. GEORGE'S HALL
ARTISTS—Miss World, Miss Ida McLean, Miss Morton, Miss Dobby, Herr Paul Hahn, Mr. Scoville, humorist, of Boston, Provincial College Quartette, and the wonderful children pianists, 3, 6 and 7 years of age. Under the direction of Miss Morton.

Grimsby Park
The Great Canadian Summer Resort
SEASON OF 1898
The best talent has been secured for the months of July and August, and will consist of Sermons, Lectures, Concerts, Band Concerts, Recitals, Stereopticon Views, Art Sketches, Physical Culture Exercises, etc. The Park is situated on the South Shore of Lake Ontario, midway between Hamilton and St. Catharines, and contains 100 acres of forest and green sward, beautiful walks and avenues, over 200 cottages, two large hotels, general store, post office, telegraph office. The Temple (the most unique structure in America) is capable of seating 5,000 people. Grounds brilliantly illuminated by electricity. Grand Trunk Railway station in the grounds. The new magnificent steamer "White Star" will ply regularly between Toronto and the park, and is open for excursions for the season. Hotel rates \$2 and \$1 per day. Special terms for parties or families desirous of spending their vacation. Apply J. D. Strawn, lessee, Grimsby Park. For cottages or tents apply to Valentine Mott, Grimsby Park. For illustrated programmes giving full particulars on all points apply at Methodist Book Room, Toronto, or by postcard to
NOAH PHELPS, President, Grimsby Park, or REV. E. B. STEVENSON, Secretary, Freeman P.O.

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and Canadian Academy of Dramatic Art
Under the personal direction of Mr. Ernest Willis, late of Mrs. Bernard Beere's London Company, also of Kyrie Bellieu and Mrs. Urquhart Potter's dramatic organizations. Two years under Mons. Marius, the celebrated French actor and stage manager. Pupils thoroughly instructed in all that pertains to
READING, ACTING, OR STORY
Terms for night classes moderate. Day pupils taught privately. Mr. Willis will give readings, and entertain privately at clubs, etc., one night in each week. Terms on application.
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SITUATED on the magnificent Bay of Quinte, in the town of Belleville. A handsome residence, beautifully furnished, with immense verandahs and large grounds containing a fine orchard and well equipped stable, to be sold, or let furnished for the summer months, at very reasonable terms. For full particulars, apply GUS PORTER, Esq., Barrister, or C. D. MACAULAY, Esq., Barrister, Belleville, Ont.

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If Tourists knew the peaceful rest, recreation, comfort and healthfulness to be enjoyed at a moderate expense at this hotel, the question which is freely discussed in every family circle, **Where shall we spend the summer?** would be at once decided in our favor. Special rates for families for the season. Booklets on application.
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ALWAYS READY
Try them at home before you start.
For One Month
To further introduce our painless system of crowning, we will, for ONE MONTH ONLY, place all of our crowns, both gold (22k and 24k fine) and porcelain, at the extremely low price of \$4 per crown.
This is a great opportunity to obtain the highest grade of dentistry at a very low cost.
We have the largest and best equipped offices in Canada. Expert operators.
H. A. GALLOWAY,
SURGEON DENTIST
N. E. Cor. Yonge and Queen
Entrance 2nd Queen East - Toronto
Bring this ad. with you.

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We show an exceedingly pretty line of
STERLING SILVER AND QUADRUPLE-PLATED TABLE WARE
Our stock embraces every conceivable variety of useful and ornamental articles from the tiny Toothpick-Holder to the most majestic Epergne. Our prices are the lowest. Inspection invited.
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS
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will save you all trouble. We cater for the largest, most elaborate affairs, or for quiet occasions—and our service always gives faultless satisfaction.
Our wedding cakes are notably handsome—and their price only 30c. and 40c. a lb.
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5 CENTS PER DAY for 10 lbs. pure Lake Simcoe Ice—1 cent extra for each additional 5 lbs. We handle Lake Simcoe Ice ONLY, our entire stock being cut and stored at Belle Ewart, Lake Simcoe. At this point the water is known to be absolutely pure. Order now from the
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to your collection of household idols. It's the favorite in Toronto's best circles—a statement easily verified with one eye open while on the streets.
A bicycle that pleases the best people in the best bicycle town in Canada must necessarily be about right.
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TORONTO

Continuation Auction Sale

Owing to the great rush of Wednesday night we found it impossible to dispose of our total stock of bicycles. We have nearly one hundred left, mostly ladies' wheels. They are the pick of our stock, consisting of Beeston Humbers, Skylarks and Leaders. These

100 Ladies' and Gents' Bicycles 100

will be placed on sale Saturday afternoon and evening. The whole number will be sold absolutely without reserve. The highest bidder gets the wheel. No neater, prettier or easier-running wheels were ever sold in Canada. Every wheel is fully guaranteed, and all are fitted with Dunlop tires—the kind any lady can repair with no other tools than her hands. Sale Starts

Saturday Afternoon, 2.30; Saturday Evening, 8
Seats will be provided for ladies at both sales.

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WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALERS
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Because pursuing a plan like this, our Pianos have won the enthusiastic endorsement of the world's greatest artists who have at any time visited Canada. Mention need only be made of August Hillestedt, the great Danish pianist; Nittini, the blind Italian pianist; Hubert de Blanck, pianist to Mlle. Trebelli; Madame Albani, Ellen Henschel, Yaw R. Watkins Mills, William Lavie and Dan Godfrey, the famous English bandmaster.

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Are more resilient than any other make and twenty times as strong. They are the only beds that will not sag. Patent interlocking wires is the secret of this wonderful bed. Sold at the price of the common kind.

GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MFG. CO.

Social and Personal.

Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet gave a small dinner at the Country and Hunt Club during Race week, one of several most enjoyable affairs of a similar nature given there.

Mr. Douglas Macklen, son of Rev. Sutherland Macklen, is taking a course at Stanley Barracks, which he has nearly completed.

Mr. Maurice Taylor has just returned from a trip to Europe.

Monsieur Leonce de Monticourt Melles is again to visit Toronto this summer, and it is hoped the famous violinist will arrange for one or more concerts here. He has had a most successful season in New York, and Toronto would enjoy his playing. By the way, a report of M. de Melles' engagement, which was mentioned some time ago, is, I am informed, without foundation.

Mrs. Newman Williamson of Port Hope, who has been the guest of friends on Spadina avenue for the past week, returns home to-day.

To provide funds for a course of post-graduate lectures by Miss Susan Blow, one of Froebel's most noted exponents, a concert in the Guild Hall is on for next Thursday evening, under the management of the Kindergarten Association. Misses Lili Kleiser, Ivy Kerr, Lola Ronan, Emma Duff, Janet Grant, (who will sing, Oh, That We Two Were Maying,) Miss Burns, the Sherlock Male Quartette, Messrs. William LaBarge and Carnahan, are the fine collection of artists secured for this concert, which should command a big house.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cummings of Orange, N. J., were the guests of Mrs. Thomas Dunnet of Huntley street during Race week.

Mrs. Willie Baines leaves on Monday for England. Mrs. Body, wife of the former Provost of Trinity, is visiting friends in town. Mrs. Edgar Jarvis is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Hope of Montreal.

Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, who have been in Europe for the last three years, sail to-day for New York by the Campania.

As I rode down the cycle path on Queen street avenue on Thursday it seemed to me a pity that no one has evolved a prettier name for that sweet little street, with its bicycle path and foot path, its good roadway and fine rows of trees. It is just now one of Toronto's beauty bits, and if it had a name to suit its deserts persons coming here would not smile at its present mixed-up cognomen and say, as one of our visitors did last week, "Queen street avenue? Seems to me you'd run short of names unless you brought Her Majesty in everywhere!"

On Friday of last week many a citizen of Toronto had a surprised moment. Every surprised man was of the same name, and that name was Jones. Letters arrived to Joneses in every direction on the above day, informing them that a member of their family had passed through trying experiences of which they were probably ignorant, but that if they wanted to see "What happened to Jones" they could do so at the Grand on the following Monday evening. The attendance of Joneses on this invitation was wonderful.

Edwin—You would not take that uncle of mine to be a sensitive plant at all, would you? Reginald—He certainly does not look it. Edwin—Well, he is. Attempt to touch him and he closes up immediately. —*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Maud—If that young Spoonmoore had been coming to see me as persistently as he's been coming to see you, I'd have made him declare himself long before this time. Irene—Yes, dear. I presume that's the reason why he never went to see you. —*Chicago Tribune*.

Mrs. G. Smythe Gotrox (graciously)—This portrait will make your reputation in this country. I am sure, m'ien! M. Col-dini (gallantly)—And yours also, I trust, madame! —*Life*.

THE BON MARCHÉ

SPECIAL SALE OF SILKS

\$10,000 worth of Black Silks **\$15,000 worth of Colored Silks**

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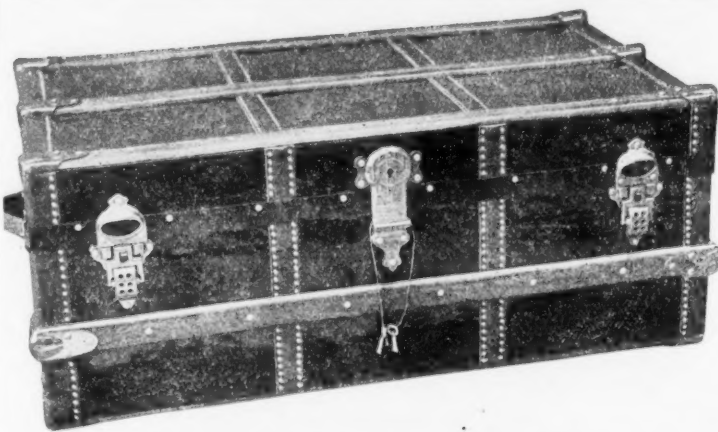
27 inches wide PURE INDIA SILKS, in all colors, including black, regular 50c., sale price.....**.35**
BLACK PURE SILK MERVEILLEUX, rich and glossy, 75c., sale price.....**.50**
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24-inch BLACK RUSTLING TAFFETA SILK. Good to wear. Regular 75c. sale price.....**.50**
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VERY HIGH CLASS BLACK BROCADE SILKS, large fine new designs. Regular \$1.50, sale price.....**\$1.00**
A BEAUTIFUL BLACK PURE SILK DUCHESSE SATIN. \$1.25, sale price.....**.89**
24-INCH BLACK DUCHESSE SATIN. Regular \$1.00, sale price.....**.55**

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23-INCH PURE INDIA SILKS—in all colors including black, finest quality. 55c. sale price.....**.25**
900 YARDS FANCY BROCHE SILKS, also Striped Wash Silks. Worth 35c. and 40c., clearing at.....**.20**
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FINEST RANGE OF CHECK AND PLAID TAFFETA PURE SILKS in the city. Worth \$1.00 to \$1.25, now clearing at.....**.75**
ASK TO SEE OUR NEW CHECK TAFFETA SILKS. The very latest "ideas." \$1.50, sale price.....**\$1.00**
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LOVELY WHITE BROCADED SILKS FOR WEDDING GOWNS. Very rich designs. All pure silk. Regular 75c., sale price.....**.50**

Also 500 REMNANTS of BLACK AND COLORED SILKS from 1 to 10 Yards at almost Your Own Price.

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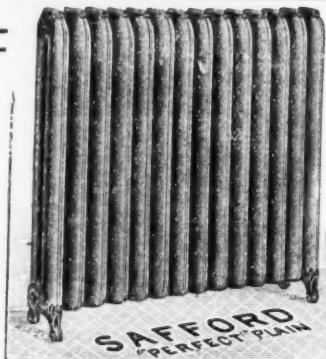
A City's Confidence

Toronto stamped its faith in the saying "Quality Counts," and in no uncertain way, when it ordered "Safford" Radiators for its new City Hall and Court House a short while ago. That was a test worth having—the "Safford" stood the test.

Judged from its absolute freedom from a single chance of leaks (screw-threaded pipe connections)—its ability to stand nearly double the pressure of any other radiator (140 pounds to the square inch)—its quick, free and positive circulation—durability—style—finish—it won, and won easily. A city's confidence is worth having.

The SAFFORD RADIATORS

The Toronto Radiator Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



One Pang of Sorrow.

This new and sympathetic song, both words and music by Mr. S. T. Church, will be sung from the "M.S." for the first time by the popular baritone, Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, at a musical recital to be given in the Toronto College of Music Hall on Tuesday evening, June 7, by Miss Lillian Landell. The "M.S." will be played with a popular local publishing house the ensuing week. The following are the words:

One pang of sorrow
Bends my throbbing heart,
When memory turns
To that fair night in June:
Hope's brightest star
Lit up my longing soul,
To call thee mine
Forevermore.
By winding stream
In verdant meadows fair,
We wandered off
In love's pure fragrant Spring,
Our heart's bedewed
With heaven's blessing rare,
And life was all
In all with thee.

One pang of sorrow
Still my heart retains,
Why didst thou leave me
Thus, in dark despair?
I wander on,
I wander sad and lone,
But never forget
My love, mine own.

"Don't you think," said the young man, "that literature is in a state of decline?" "Unquestionably," replied the other; "it's in a chronic state of decline—with thanks." —*Washington Star*.

"Mamma, didn't papa say he was going to a stag party? What is a stag party?" "It is a party, dear, that is so called because of the horns that are necessary to satisfy its thirst." —*Chicago Tribune*.



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THE PERFECT GARDEN CITY.
BIG 4 DOMINION CHAINLESS.
WELLAND VALE MFG CO. LIMITED.
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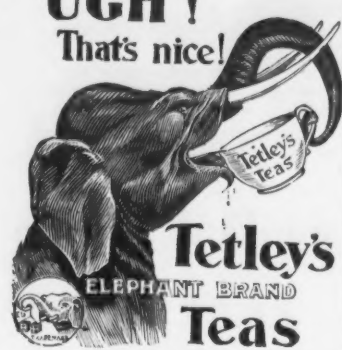
TORONTO STORE

147 & 149 YONGE STREET

"You've talked enough now, Katie," said her mother; "children should be seen and not heard." "You heard what mamma said," protested Katie an hour or two later, when the nurse was trying to persuade her it was time to go to bed; children should be serene and not hurried." —*Life*.

"Does this car go as far as One Minute street?" asked a passenger on a Market street trolley. "Never heard of it," replied the conductor. "Well, then, Sixty-Second street," smiled the passenger. And the conductor coughed and said: "That's hour terminus." —*Philadelphia North American*.

UGH!
That's nice!



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ELEPHANT BRAND
Teas

From India and Ceylon

Tetley's Elephant Brand Packets, filled with pure good tea, and sold in 1/2 and 1 lb. packets, at 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. and \$1.00 per lb., are certainly

Best of Tea Value

no matter which grade is purchased.

"Tetley's" TEAS
ELEPHANT BRAND...

No Heat==No Trouble

Money Saved and Easy Work all Summer.....



Oxford Gas Ranges

From \$6 upwards, if you use gas.

Quickmeal

Blue Flame Oil and Gasoline Stoves

From \$3.50 upwards, suited to everybody—any place.

Simple, economical and trustworthy—made in a great variety of sizes and styles to suit all needs.

Call at 183 Yonge Street, opposite Eaton's, and see them in operation. You'll find what will please you, and we guarantee each stove.

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JAMES WESTWOOD, 633 Queen West
JOHN GIBBS, 721 Queen East
P. G. WASHINGTON, 785 Queen East
TORONTO FURNACE CO., 11 Queen E.
WHEELER & BAIN, 179 King East
HARKLEY BROS., 431 Spadina Ave.
C. WATKINSON, 367 Parliament St.
J. H. WARWICK, 238 Wellesley St.

W. H. SPARROW, 87 Yonge Street
GIBSON & THOMPSON, 435 Yonge St.
J. S. HALL, 1067 Yonge Street
GEORGE BOXALL, 2321 Queen Street
JOHN ADAMS, 838 Bathurst Street
E. W. CHAIR, 324 College Street
FIDDES & HOGARTH, 50 Jarvis St.
FRED. ARMSTRONG, 277 Queen W.
R. FLETCHER, 142 and 144 Dundas St.
T. E. HOAR, Toronto Junction
J. F. ROSS, 369 Queen West

And leading dealers everywhere.

Man of Few Words.

New York Observer.

A traveler, meeting a settler near a house in the backwoods, the following colloquy occurred: "Whose house?"

"Noggs."
"What's it built of?"
"Logs."
"Any neighbors?"
"Frogs."
"What's the soil?"
"Bogs."
"The climate?"
"Fogs."
"What do you eat?"
"Hogs."
"How do you catch them?"
"Dogs."

Current Clothing Styles.

Coats in particular—the general characteristics are broad, high, well-rounded shoulders, medium lengths; a two or three-button sleeve vent and plain finish. The special features are: For a double-breasted frock, lapels taper considerably from the breast to the waist seam, skirts with moderate fullness, silk to the button-holes and blind stitched edges; for half-dress cutaway, moderately short roll, single-stitched or light double-stitched edge, fronts well cut away; for sacks, a moderately close-fitting back, medium roll, well cut away or boldly rounded fronts, edges single or double-stitched. Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, is particularly well stocked with all the very newest and finest imported woolsens, and is showing some exclusively handsome designs of his own just now.

Auction Sale of Bicycles.

A splendid opportunity to secure the highest class bicycles at popular prices will be afforded at the premises of the Griffiths Cycle Corporation, 235 Yonge street, Saturday afternoon at 2.30, and Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. The stock includes such high grade wheels as Beeston-Humbers, Skylarks and Leaders. Seats will be provided for ladies at both sales, which will be under the supervision of Mr. Chas. M. Henderson, Toronto's popular auctioneer.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

WILLIAMSON—May 25, Mrs. T. B. Williamson—a son.
GALBRAITH—May 28, Mrs. R. S. Galbraith—a son.
GRANT—May 29, Mrs. Albert Grant—a daughter.
EVANS—May 29, Mrs. George E. Evans—a daughter.
LITTLE—May 29, Mrs. H. M. Little—a daughter.
COCKBURN—May 27, Mrs. Malcolm J. A. Cockburn—a daughter.
WALLACE—Woodstock, May 27, Mrs. James G. Wallace—a daughter.
RODEN—May 28, Mrs. G. E. Roden—a daughter.

Marriages.

WELCH—MURPHY—At Toronto, on June 1, 1898, H. W. Welch to C. M. Murphy.
RIDOUT—NEFF—At St. Andrew's church, Toronto, on June 1, by Rev. W. J. McCaughan, John Gibbs Ridout of Toronto, barrister, to Angie May, daughter of the late Jonathan Neff of Humberstone.
BAIL—MCNENNEL—June 1, Wm. Bail to May McNenell.
GUINANE—ADAMSON—June 1, Dr. Josephin

Guinane to Nellie Adamson.
WARD—HELLIWE—June 1, Thos. J. Ward to Ida S. Helliwell.
ROGERS—McTAVISH—Colborne, June 1, R. A. Rogers to Edith McTavish.
CODY—COCHRANE—June 1, Arthur B. Cody to Clara Alexandra Cochrane.
RODERICK—DAVIS—June 1, James H. Roderick to Jessie G. Davis.
McMULLEN—SCOLEY—May 31, W. E. McMullen to Ida Louisa Scoley.
OLIVER—CROOKENDEN—April 30, Gerard Kerr Oliver to Agnes Louise Crookenden.
GURNEY—MACADAM—May 9, Mortimer Hay Gurney to Ida Macadam.

Deaths.

ANDERSON—May 30, Isaac Sparrow Anderson, aged 22.
WILIS—May 27, Alexander Wilis.
McKEE—Petrols, May 30, May Wescot McKee.
FLOOD—May 31, Elizabeth Flood, aged 35.
HURRELL—May 31, Mary Howat Hurrell, aged 71.
MACAGY—Montreal, May 27, Geo. A. MacAgy.
McLEOD—Woodstock, May 25, John Cochrane McLeod, aged 61.
HENDRIE—Hamilton, May 27, John Hendrie, aged 57.

J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer
359 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 679

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

REDUCTION OF RATES VIA UPPER LAKES
THE RATES TO WINNIPEG
Upper Lakes Steamships
"ALBERTA" (Tuesday)
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and "MANITOBA" (Saturday)

FROM TORONTO

HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO
FIRST CLASS \$30.80 SECOND CLASS \$15.35

Proportionate reductions are in effect to all other points in Canadian North-West and British Columbia.
For full particulars apply to any C.P.R. Agent, or to C. E. McPherson, Asst. General Passenger Agent, 1 King Street East, Toronto.

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Where to Spend

your Holidays

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which will be forwarded upon application to any of the agents of the Grand Trunk Railway System:
"Muskoka: Land of Health and Pleasure," describing the picturesque Muskoka Lake region.
"Muskoka Special Folder," "Thousand Island Folder," "Guide to the Fishing and Hunting Resorts," on and in the vicinity of the Grand Trunk Railway System, containing reliable information in regard to Fish, Game, Hotels, Livery and general facilities, or write to M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.